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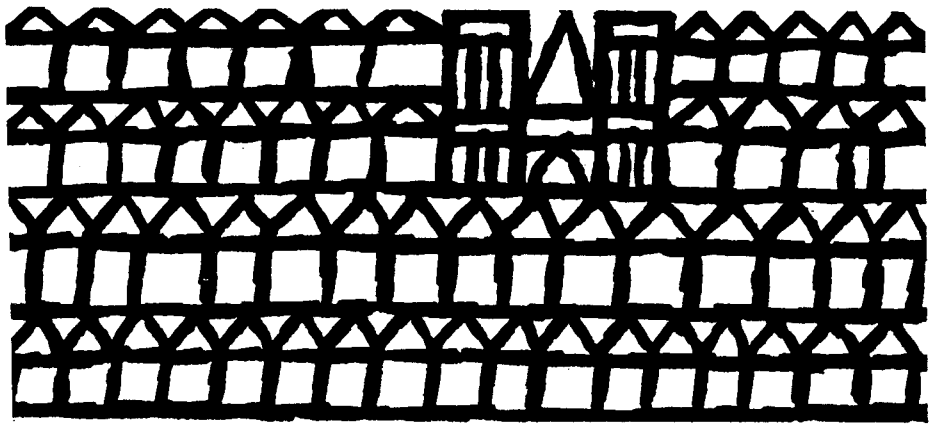

THE NEW FREEDOM

Legacy of the revolution in the Church

Daniel Callahan

SHOULD STUDENTS GO SOUTH?

Frank Millspaugh

MALRAUX'S FATE

Martin Turnell

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CORRESPONDENCE

Vietnam

Chattanooga, Tenn.

To the Editors: Watching James O'Gara's attempts to resolve his inner conflicts and yet remain a "good" American indeed adds interests to existence, His article, "Ground Rules for War" [May 14], is a particularly good example of this struggle.

In the article, Mr. O'Gara sets forth the belief that we are off on the wrong foot in Vietnam when we try to solve a political problem solely by military means. To hold that our policy makers know this and are deliberately refusing to create favorable social conditions by political means—such as those advocated in *Mater et Magistra,* for example—would be tantamount to saying that our power structure is not offering the world "an idea of decency, and justice, and law," but is playing power politics.

Mr. O'Gara almost says this, but avoids going all the way by laying our use of military force to our ignorance: "So far, though, we don't really know how to wage political warfare."

The clear thinkers among those who are backing our present policies are not confused by the chatter of our idealists. An article in *Business Week* of July 5, 1961, stated, for example:

"A US policy of sponsoring revolutionary change in the underdeveloped countries could well undermine the position of US private investment in many areas. To a considerable degree, the revolution of rising expectations is a revolt against capitalism, or at least against the way it seems to operate in the underdeveloped nations."

Similarly, some of our real friends in Asia, such as Father Tissa Balasuriya [COMMONWEAL, January 2, 1965], are not convinced that idealism controls our foreign policy, but they believe as follows:

"There seems to be a sad lack of communication between the idealism that inspires many individual Americans and groups and the Asian peoples. Very often it is the power blocks within each society that speak for the peoples; and power blocks are not incapable of misleading people into attitudes of distrust and hatred. The apparently quasi-totalitarian hold of the purely capitalist elements within American society on the thought and prejudices of the citizens is a great obstacle to understanding among the peoples of the world."

Cling as he will to the belief that our leaders really do not know how to develop an underdeveloped nation, Mr. O'Gara will regularly feel the fluttering of the wings of those butterflies of knowledge trying to emerge. Or at least, he will so long as our policy does not result in all of us being blown up.

KURT W. KRAUSE

Priests in the World

Palos Park, Ill.

To the Editors: The single common tactic adopted by critics of my article, "The Problem of Priests in the World" [April 16], has been an evasion of what it clearly stated and a dilation upon some horrendous consequences it allegedly implies. To announce as do these various correspondents (May 14) that the article views civil-rights priests as "loners gone mad with an obsession" (Gilgun), or views the layman as "a highly sophisticated automaton" (Donnelly), is to insult the author, who said nothing of the kind, and the readers of this journal, who need only look at the article to see that he didn't.

And to proclaim, as do these writers, that the Church is committed to the world and that the Christian must live in time is neither to impeach his argument nor advance anyone's understanding of the question. No one doubts these large truisms, and to propose them as solutions is to end precisely where the article began. The only issue, which has been obscured by the homilies ("We too must learn with God's help to live that same mystery": Fugere), by the naïve exegesis ("Christ wasn't noted for playing it safe": Chouteau), by the verbal heroics ("We shall not be moved": Gilgun)—the only issue concerns the manner, the degree, the instrumentality of the Church's relationship to the world.

Before precisioning a couple of points in the original article, I will take up briefly and in order of their appearance the views of its critics. Robert Fugere of the Oratory ("Mr." or "Rev."?—it is not clear, though possibly this like all other distinctions has become academic) in his reference to my "easily" resolving the tension of the one and the many does not seem to realize that anything that is, is a matter of degrees. The article does not claim to do the impossible: a tension which is resolved is no longer a tension.

What the article does seek is to show the bases—the one and the many, spirit-matter, sign of the Coming, signs of the times, etc.—for differentiating the commitments of ordained and unordained. Fugere emphasizes that the censures of clerical laicization I cite would apply as well "to any Christian layman who might laicize his heart." Agreed: though that was not the subject of the essay. I agree with equal readiness to the application of his meditation: "We are all, laymen and clergy alike, called to live out that incarnational mystery of our Lord in the world until He comes again": the question is whether we are called to live it out identically.

Mr. Hinrichs accuses the essay of expressing a preference for "organization man"—seven times repeated—"to man *tout court.*" But man *tout court is* an organization man, a social being, a creature very much in need of the institutional envelope. Really what Mr. Hinrichs is objecting to is original sin, man's imperfections; I suggest that a little more worldliness, a little more experience with the intractability of matter, would show him that notwithstanding the retarding effect of organizations they are a necessary part of the temporal order. It is noteworthy that many of these writers in the name of an easy incarnationalism opt for a disincarnate social structure.

Mr. Sauer paraphrases my "main

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theme" as "that of the constant danger of priests becoming too involved in temporal matters. These matters should be left to the laity." This is a grammatic and logical contradiction. If I am concerned with priests becoming *too* involved, I am obviously not concerned with some involvement; and therefore it is impossible that I could want "*these* matters" left *simply* to the laity. Mr. Sauer thus contradicts his own assertion that I draft a "strict dichotomy" between priest and layman. He observes that opinions such as mine have "led to the Church's preoccupation with its own organization in preference to the needs of its non-professional members." In fact my essay advocated a real reciprocity, a constant interchange among the members of the Church; Mr. Sauer would see the Church divided between professional and non-professional members. That is a dichotomy to wrestle with.

I am in fundamental agreement with most of what Father Toomey says, and so I will only repeat again that no one has said the priest should not be committed to temporal affairs, but only that this commitment should not assume priority. I remain opposed to squaring the circle, and am rather dubious about the advantages of envisioning the Church as composed of those ordained laymen we call priests and those unordained priests we call laymen.

Since Mr. Chouteau interjects, "Seriously," after his introductory comments on my "display of ecclesiastical hypochondria," I take it those were merely an attempt to raise the tone of the discussion by levity. His "serious" disagreement is to the effect that the priest should "assume the risks of at least a temporary active commitment to Christianizing the social order." Another witty gambit would have been preferable to this rebuttal: the difference between a "temporary active commitment" and a "permanent active commitment" is largely the difference between priest and layman. Mr. Chouteau's "creeping clericaliza-

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WILLING TO NEGOTIATE?

One of the major casualties in the Vietnam war, and now in the Dominican intervention, has been the credibility of the U.S. government. No government can tell the whole truth to its people, but the number of half-truths and untruths in which the Johnson Administration has been caught is extraordinary. The White Paper which prepared the nation for the bombing of North Vietnam was an amateurish arrangement of carefully selected and entirely unconvincing facts. American reports out of Saigon are still carefully doctored. Catching the Administration in an untruth has become a minor industry among journals of opinion, and it has become commonplace for non-government foreign policy experts to accuse the Administration of supplying us liberally with falsehoods about Vietnam.

So far the skepticism about President Johnson's intentions has not extended to his willingness to negotiate. Yet it well might. In recent weeks a number of brief and largely unnoticed reports have cast some doubt over the Johnson offer. First, there are indications that China and North Vietnam may not be as unyielding as we have been led to believe. Since last December, French government officials have been reporting that Ho Chi Minh is willing to discuss the basis of an accommodation with the U.S., and has repeatedly said so to the French. In March, the New York *Times* reported from Paris that North Vietnam was intensifying its efforts to sit down with U.S. officials; at about the same time, the *Times* reported that the Chinese were no longer insisting that the U.S. withdraw from Vietnam as a condition for a peace meeting. Mao Tse-tung said the same thing in an interview published February 27 in the *New Republic*.

These reports, of course, may be nothing more than propaganda. The United States insists that it has been rebuffed in every feeler it has put out in a search for discussion. President Johnson has twice offered "unconditional discussions," insisting that the U.S. is exploring every

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avenue to bring peace through talks. Yet on March 23, Henry Cabot Lodge, the official American spokesman on Vietnam in Europe and Asia, opposed any negotiations until the enemy manifests "a change of heart." Mr. Lodge invoked the subtle distinction between "discussions" and "negotiations," defending "discussions," which the Administration is publicly committed to, but opposing "negotiations" as "the equivalent of turning South Vietnam over to the wolves." The distinction disappeared, as it should, when Mr. Lodge told a newsmagazine that "a conference now would be disastrous." The obvious question here is which more accurately reflects what the Administration really thinks: Mr. Johnson's speech of May 13, which included an offer to enter into talks unconditionally, or Mr. Lodge's hard-nosed insistence that the wolves become sheep before serious negotiating is considered?

Even more disturbing is the absence of any proof that the Administration is trying as hard as it says it is to sit down and talk with the enemy. On May 23, the New York *Times* "News of the Week in Review" reported: "During the bombing lull, the Administration made still another approach to Hanoi through 'third party' channels. One such channel was Canada, which is a member of the International Control Commission in Vietnam." But what the *Times* omitted in its weekly round-up was a one-inch article it published on May 19: "OTTAWA — Official sources denied tonight that the Canadian government had played a specific role in President Johnson's latest effort to bring North Vietnam to the conference table." With the growing suspicion that the President's closest advisors may be more interested in getting at China than in negotiating, the questions raised by the Lodge interview and the Canadian denial should not be allowed to go unanswered.

LOYALTY OATHS

The loyalty oath required of students who borrow money under the National Defense Education Act—but not of other citizens who get money from the government under federal programs—is one of the more noxious leftovers of political life in the Fifties. Happily, the Johnson Administration has come out in support of Congressmen working for its repeal, virtually assuring their success. Discrimination against students on the question of loyalty has always been an anomaly, betraying distrust of intelligence and little else.

Another group discriminated against in this fashion is the country's poor, who must take a loyalty oath in order to participate in the federal anti-poverty program. The loyalty provision was instigated by Southern members of Congress, who have their own reasons for distrusting the poor and disenfranchised. However, Southerners are not alone in suspecting the patriotism on the other side of the tracks. At the recent National Mayors Conference the Mayor of Syracuse, N.Y., called for an investigation of "the subversion of purpose" of the anti-poverty program by federal administrators.

The Mayor claimed that the poor of Syracuse "are being urged to storm City Hall." He was echoed by the Mayors of Los Angeles and San Francisco, who sought passage of a resolution charging federal officials with "fostering class struggle" against city administrators.

Whatever the merits of the charges, the use of words like "subversion" and "class struggle" hardly helps calm and intelligent debate; it is the sort of language that usually precedes blanket charges of disloyalty. As it happened, the resolution was shelved by the mayors, who saw little mileage in being "against the poor." But it was clear the resolution had wide support. The loyalty provision of the anti-poverty program comes up for renewal this year. Hopefully, the Administration will put its foot down on this as well as on the student oath.

A LAW CORPS?

New York City residents were recently shocked at the story of a woman arrested for the possession of narcotics and ultimately acquitted when the "narcotics" were found to be normal medicine. Between arrest and acquittal, however, the woman—pregnant—was incarcerated in the Woman's House of Detention, a prison currently under attack for alleged brutal conditions. She had committed no crime. She was in jail because she did not have the $25 necessary to make bail.

The incident was only one of many which are forcing Americans to realize the injustices our legal apparatus does to the poor. Faced with a world of sales contracts, welfare agencies, housing bureaus, the poor often do not know either how to defend their rights or how to correct the various bureaucratic miscarriages which necessarily accompany our large government. While the recent Supreme Court rulings, *Gideon v. Wainwright* and *Escobedo v. Illinois,* have upheld the accused man's right to counsel when charged with a felony, the right to counsel of a poor man charged with a misdemeanor or a petty offense is still in doubt. As for the bail system, Ronald Goldfarb has summed it up succinctly: it "plays into the hands of the organized criminal while it discriminates against the poor one or the one who commits an isolated criminal act."

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An experiment in replacing bail bonds with interviews attempting to establish the accused individual's ties to the community, and hence likelihood to be present for trial, has been most successful in New York City. Using a staff of law students, both the success and limitations of this program (the woman charged with narcotic possession was never interviewed due to lack of personnel) suggest the possibilities of another proposal now before New York's state legislature: to permit senior-year law students to advise and represent indigent clients in legal aid programs.

Even this proposal needs expansion. In May of 1964, Robert Kennedy, then Attorney-General, asked, "How often does one find the needy represented by counsel in dealing with social-welfare agencies, unemployment-compensation boards, or schools and welfare officials, finance companies or slum landlords?" As if in answer, Sargent Shriver promised that the War on Poverty would include some sort of neighborhood legal aid. What is needed is a federally-aided Law Corps on the model of the Peace Corps, recruited from law students and working with community action organizations the way the Peace Corps works with the institutions of developing countries. The Law Corps might combine the techniques of the Scandinavian "ombudsman" and the British citizen advisory boards in watching out for the rights of the indigent and legally unsophisticated.

COMMENCEMENT '65

By and large, American colleges and universities have served a utilitarian role. They supply the skilled manpower necessary to keep the business, scientific and educational establishments going. Though academicians may see their purpose in a more glowing light, society as a whole has a very pragmatic conception of higher education. Culture is fine, and so is truth, but that is not what runs the nation. Once out of college, the student is expected to put the higher things behind him and buckle down to an honest day's work.

The big question at the end of every academic year is not what new truths have been discovered, what new scholarly insights have been gained, what has the student come to know of himself and his fellow men, but what is the job market, how well are the various occupations paying. Four years of the best liberal education can be washed away in the first month of a trainee program in a large company. Within a few years, the person who was able to read scholarly journals in college may find that anything heavier than the *Saturday Evening Post* is beyond his capacity.

One reason for this distressing, but apparently persistent, situation is no doubt the isolation of the college and university from the mainstream of American life. Once they have discharged their utilitarian purposes, nothing more is expected of them—or really wanted.

There are many ways of interpreting the various teach-ins, protest marches, student-faculty petitions, which marked the 1964-1965 academic year. They can be seen as a protest against the "multiversity," to use Clark Kerr's phrase; or as a sign of youthful rebellion run amok; or as twentieth-century nihilism reaching its final paroxysm. Maybe, but it makes just as much sense to see them as the first real sign that American higher education is sick and tired of being taken as boot camp for the routines of an homogenized technological society. The students won't buy this any more, nor will their professors. Or, anyway, some won't, and their number is mushrooming.

In one sense, there is something pitiful about student marches against the Vietnam war, just as there is about faculty teach-ins and signed petitions in the New York *Times*. They are not likely to make a whit of difference to the Administration; next to the broad clues to public opinion provided by, say, the Gallup Poll, the shouts and screams of students and professors count for little. At least they do now, but what of the future? Can one hope that the present generation of students, now constructing an academic life which increasingly involves commitment to community, national and world affairs, will somehow turn out to be different kinds of citizens than were their parents? Can one hope that their professors, now gaining some sense of their possible importance as molders of public opinion, will make a decisive difference in the lives of those they teach?

It is a long shot. The various establishments are highly skilled in subduing rebels. Economic power is a mighty solvent of protest and passion. Still, there is an outside chance. The establishments need the students as much as the students need them. If the campuses can be transformed, if professors can find an influential voice, if rebellion finds consistent and sustained goals—well, then, who knows? Berkeley may well be a foretaste of the future. It was messy, it was chaotic, it was frenetic; but for once no one could just pass it all off as student hi-jinks. This season's commencement addresses are not likely to be much different from those in the past. But one can bet that the distinguished speakers imported from the outside world will take a little closer look at those they address. They had better.

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WASHINGTON REPORT

EXCISING THE POOR

Of all the economic interests that exert their strength upon the national political scene, the automobile industry is sovereign. The recent history of the Johnson Administration demonstrates its imperial power.

Once upon a time, Detroit used to be one of the principal sources of campaign funds for the Republican Party. Ford was the chief backer of the progressive wing of the GOP, and General Motors, its interests managed by former Postmaster General and GOP National Chairman Arthur Summerfield, was the principal support of the political mastodons. But, last fall, progressives and mastodons alike recognized that Barry Goldwater was suitable only for Ice Age preservation and that Lyndon Johnson was the only warm and breathing political comer. The industry's two great tribal entities—and Chrysler was not far behind—were heartily present for Mr. Johnson's fund-raising dinner in Detroit last year. Events have amply justified their sound political judgment.

Of the three Cabinet appointments Mr. Johnson has made since his re-election, two have been to the economic powerhouses—Treasury and Commerce. (The other was Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach.) Henry "Joe" Fowler was an automobile industry lobbyist working the offices on Capitol Hill until the very evening before his selection as Secretary of the Treasury. John Connor was a director of General Motors as well as president of Merck & Co., the chemical manufacturer, before becoming Secretary of Commerce.

The excise tax reduction program represents the triumph of the automobile industry viewpoint, with a strong assist from Gardner Ackley, the new chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers. The entire excise tax bill is a scandal. With millions of families living below the poverty line of $60 a week, it can scarcely be argued that it serves the cause of social justice to cut the federal tax on diamonds, mink coats, luggage, long-distance telephone calls, and safe deposit boxes. As President Roosevelt said of another tax reduction bill in 1944, this is help for "the greedy, not the needy."

This formulation of the issue may seem demagogic, but certainly this is class legislation—for the class of Americans least in need of help. The excise reduction program is especially egregious for a supposedly liberal Administration to propose since liberals have argued for the past seven years or more that the public sector of the economy—the various social services such as schools, hospitals, libraries, museums, and welfare agencies—has been starved for funds in the midst of private affluence. The Democrats had a clear public commitment to restore the proper balance. Yet the excise tax reduction program is pure Eisenhowerism: it makes sense only on the supposition that the benefits will trickle down to the poor folks who do not buy mink coats or diamond rings or rent deposit boxes.

Car Taxes

As for automobiles, Mr. Johnson recommended that the existing 10 percent tax be reduced to 5 percent by 1967. This would have cut by one-half the existing tax take of nearly $2,000,000,000 from automobiles. There is a political justification for this proposal because it fully redeems the confidence which the automobile executives placed in Mr. Johnson last November, but there is no moral, social, or economic justification. Morally speaking, if we are trying to correct the grave inequities in our society, there is no excuse to lower taxes for a luxury product which the truly poor cannot afford. Socially, there is no argument for further help to the automobile industry: "I do not know of a single industry," Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois has pointed out, "that has such a profound and costly impact upon our society as the auto industry. A whole series of problems can be traced to autos including air pollution, suburban sprawl and city decay, traffic congestion, and auto junkyards."

In economic terms, the automobile industry needs no stimulus. For the second successive year, it is headed for sales above 7,000,000 cars. General Motors, the largest private corporation in the world, has record profits of more than $1,000,000,000.

The economic effect of an excise tax cut, of course, will be to enliven industry and commerce by releasing more than four billion dollars into private hands that otherwise would have gone into the U.S. Treasury. This should help fuel an economic boom that has already lasted more than 50 months, the longest in U.S. peacetime history.

But as even a cursory study of the Coolidge Administration suggests—prosperity is not enough. More money in private hands will not clear up the smog-filled air above our cities or clean a polluted stream; it will not relieve the overcrowding in a school on

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double sessions or replace a slum tenement with decent housing or make libraries, museums, symphony orchestras, art galleries, and other cultural institutions flourish where none now exists.

I have no desire to engage in political hagiography, but still it is worth noting that President Kennedy was considerably more troubled by this choice between tax cuts and social spending. Before he recommended an income tax cut to Congress in 1963, he heard considerable debate within the Administration on the alternatives. Finally, Mr. Kennedy is said to have remarked to Dr. Walter Heller, the chairman of his Council of Economic Advisers who urged a tax cut, "All right, Walter. I'll play it your way this year. But if we win big next year, I am going to do it my way."

President Johnson and the Democrats in Congress—thanks to Senator Goldwater's ineptitude—did win big, but instead of urging much greater social investment, the Administration has once again fallen back upon the easier, politically more popular course of tax reductions. Nothing has increased in magnitude from the New Frontier to the Great Society except the rhetoric.

Secretary Connor's approach to the issues of automobile safety represents a second triumph for the industry. There is no question but that Detroit could build much safer cars than it does. Practically every safety feature, even so rudimentary as seat belts, has come into use because of the pressure of consumer organizations and individual motorists; the industry has done very little on its own to popularize safety. The feasibility of certain protections such as a thickly-padded dashboard, an instrument panel free of sharp knobs and protrusions, and a steering shaft that telescopes rather than remains rigid on impact have been proved; they should be standard in all cars at no extra cost, but they are not.

Senator Abraham Ribicoff, Connecticut Democrat, is chairman of a Senate Subcommittee on automobile safety and a frequent critic of the industry's dilatory approach to these problems. Ribicoff had sharp words recently for the Commerce Department which had praised the industry's work on behalf of safety and had recommended only that the Government appoint a committee to study the issues at greater length. Ribicoff pointed out that the industry, rather than receive bouquets, deserved censure since it rarely made a safety innovation without repeated public prodding. He also noted the political truism that the appointment of a Government committee on safety would serve only to re-examine the obvious and take the heat off the industry.

Air pollution is another of Detroit's responsibilities. Pollution from industry and large apartment houses is relatively easily controlled, but these offenders are only peripheral. The automobile is the chief source of poisonous urban smog, providing more than two-thirds of the pollutants in the air of most metropolitan centers. The state of California has passed a law requiring that all automobiles sold in the state henceforth must be equipped with devices that channel many of the polluting fumes back into the car and burn them up. Although disinterested authorities have raised serious questions as to whether these devices really do much good, the severity of the problem justifies a fair trial.

Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare Celebrezze declared in an official report last December that federal action was urgently needed. But when HEW officials arrived on Capitol Hill to testify on pending legislation in April, they sang a quite different tune. With evident reluctance, they urged delay, further study, voluntary industry self-regulation. When there was an outcry in the press and in Congress, the White House reversed itself and returned to the original Celebrezze position.

In addition to excise taxes, safety, and pollution, there is the related issue of billboard regulation. A panel of last month's White House Conference on Natural Beauty urged a ban on billboards within 1,000 feet of the roadside on the 41,000 miles of interstate highways and the 220,000 miles of other primary roads. But Mr. Johnson asked Congress to apply the billboard ban *except in areas zoned industrial or commercial.* This is so large a loophole that fewer than 15 percent of existing billboards would be affected. The outdoor advertising industry, whose chief lobbyist is Mr. Glenn Tocker, a Texan on good personal terms with the President, has enthusiastically endorsed the bill.

The conservative House Ways and Means Committee, always capable of seeing industry's viewpoint on tax issues, went Mr. Johnson one better on the auto excise tax and voted to repeal it altogether. Senator Douglas proposes to rescue the Administration—whether or not it wants to be rescued—by offering an amendment in the Senate to maintain the tax at the 5 percent rate proposed by the President and earmarking the first 2 percent to finance a program to dispose of unsightly auto junkyards. If he had strong backing from the White House, Douglas could have made a good fight of it on the Senate floor since he had tied the tax issue to the popular cause of ending junkyard blight. But in view of Mr. Johnson's political intimacy with the automobile makers, no one was astonished when the President blandly endorsed the Ways and Means Committee's decision to abolish automobile excise taxes altogether.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

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THE REAL ENEMY

We still have to confront the real enemy in Latin America, and by this time I assume President Johnson has come to realize this fact. All our representatives in Santo Domingo are now doing is trying to make the best of what must at most be counted a very bad bargain.

Mr. Johnson's unilateral decision to send in the Marines in the Dominican Republic has already cost us very dear in hemispheric relations. How long it will take for things to get back to normal is anybody's guess, but it will not be quickly. This is particularly unfortunate because it looked during the Kennedy Administration as if we were going to embark on an era of inter-American cooperation and good feeling.

What Mr. Kennedy sought was a ten-year plan to save the Americas. He urged unified—yes, Mr. Johnson—action against threats of tyranny from within or without, and he pledged the aid of the United States for continued peaceful progress in the other American republics.

Some of this, let it be said right away, was just rhetoric. President Kennedy did emphasize the need of a war on poverty, stressing his conviction that the future of freedom in the Americas and throughout the world depended on the success of efforts to raise the standards of living, health and education for an exploding population. He did ask for some funds to back this idea up, largely earmarked for programs in the fields of education, farm improvement and health work. By and large, though, Mr. Kennedy's proposals were fiscally conservative—over-conservative, in my view. Nonetheless, they were moves in the right direction, and if disaster can now be avoided in Latin America I am convinced it is only by such moves.

This does not mean that Latin American nations can sit back and leave everything to us. Indeed, on this score Mr. Kennedy was quite blunt; in speaking to Latin American diplomats he spelled out in detail that the people as well as governments must do their part in raising their economic and educational levels, and he stressed the crying need for the revision of tax structures, which in many nations blatantly favor the rich over the poor.

All this is true. Furthermore, America already has heavy commitments. Our arms bill every year is staggering. We are committed to landing a man on the moon. We have to be prepared to send troops here, there and everywhere as need arises. We have a great problem of underemployment and undereducation in our own country. Examples of such urgent needs could be multiplied almost indefinitely, and all of them require money. But Latin America must still be put into the urgent category, and this for the sake of world peace.

Problems vary greatly from country to country, and generalizations are obviously dangerous. Nonetheless, on this point there seems to be a certain amount of limited agreement among the experts; they all testify, I believe, that the present situation in half a dozen Latin American countries is serious and that in several it is critical.

Nine out of every fifteen citizens of Latin America live on the land, and in some areas the annual farm income is as low as $50 a year. Farming methods are primitive, and land reform and some measure of industrialization are desperately needed. Both require training in new skills and some capital development.

This has to be done, mind you, in an area in which almost half the children aren't even in school. In Latin America as a whole, more than four out of every ten people are illiterate. In Guatemala 70% of the population is illiterate and in Haiti the total is a staggering 90%.

According to the United Nations, at least half the children in Latin America suffer from chronic hunger. Ten million Latin American families live in one-room dwellings, and every year this number is enlarged by the thousands who are squeezed off the land into the overcrowded cities. Not in one but in every Latin American country the infant mortality rate is at least twice that of the United States. Malnutrition is the prime factor in disease, followed by a lack of pure drinking water; in Central America one out of every one hundred children dies every year from a diarrheal disease due to impure water.

This is the nature of the problem we face in Latin America. When we in this country meet Latin Americans they are almost inevitably members of the middle- or upper-classes. But in one country after another in Latin America there are millions of land-poor peasants and rootless urban workers whose lot in life is almost unbelievably bad. The future now holds little promise for them; revolution may seem the only way out. It is with these millions of the dispossessed that we must concern ourselves, and here the Marines can be of very little help to us.

JAMES O'GARA

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THE NEW FREEDOM

What the revolution in the Church has brought

DANIEL CALLAHAN

The French Revolution, one recalls, began in a mild enough way. Dominated by a coalition of priests and lawyers, the Estates-General met in a mood of seriousness though not quite of crisis. As we know, of course, one thing led to another, and within half a decade France was in chaos. Never again would that country or Europe be the same. The Old Regime would not return, however many more momentary victories it might claim.

Nor in these days of Vatican II will the Church's equivalent of the old regime return either. Genuine revolutions, those springing from deep and widespread distress, are rarely turned back. Can anyone still doubt that Vatican II has been a major upheaval, not necessarily in its debates and decrees, but in the forces it has unleashed within the life of the Church? These forces were there of course all the time, but it took a decisive event to bring them to the surface. And like every revolution it has generated its own momentum, so that one shift has led to another, one criticism to many, one reform to the unearthing of a dozen more still needed.

A key to this revolution has been well expressed in an increasingly common phrase: "the new freedom." If *aggiornamento* is the spiritual father of this revolution, the "new freedom" is its first-born child. Not yet certain, at least for many, is whether the child is legitimate. The uncertainty is only natural. The child just doesn't look like the father.

What is the new freedom? That is not an easy question to answer, for everyone is likely to see it in a different light. But it may be helpful to look at it in terms of its style, its motivations and its contents.

The style of the new freedom is direct and earthy, scornful of euphemisms, ornate verbiage and discreet circumlocutions. In its politer, theological form, it is biblically direct, but with due respect (i.e., minimal) for older forms of theology. In its rougher journalistic form, the style is no less blunt, but the imagery is more likely to be drawn from democratic political and social life rather than from biblical or theological sources. At times, it is downright irreverent, not so much because of real disrespect, but rather because that is the way writing and speaking is carried on these days.

No More Purges

The motivation for the new freedom is that of Christian liberty issuing into Christian manhood, as much liberty as needed to establish personal integrity, as much liberty as can be had without jeopardizing the Church as a community of love. Rejected are suppressions and purges, censorship, curial intrigues, faceless accusers, nervous "prudence," Congar cases, DuBay incidents. If any phrases can catch the motivation of the new freedom, possibly it is that of *écraser l'infâme* together with that of the "freedom of the sons of God."

The content of the new freedom turns on three or four key concepts, well brought out in the first two chapters of the *Constitution on the Church*. The most important is that the Church is a mystery, a community, a people,

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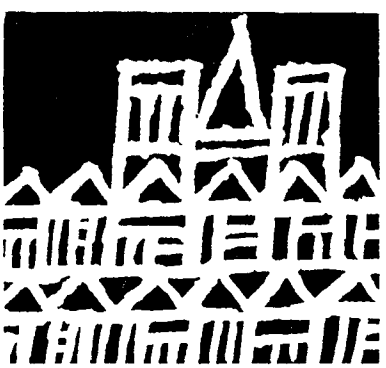
not the "perfect society" which the older theological manuals liked to talk about. Understood properly, the Church must of necessity be an open Church, a poor Church, a servant Church, a Church on pilgrimage until the end of time. Seen in all its dimensions, the Church is holy because Christ its founder is holy, but is made up of sinners and is thus also a sinful Church. The Holy Spirit is inevitably seen in a fresh light here. For He it is who at times grants sufficient charism to the laity and the lower clergy, to nuns and brothers, to enable them to make prophetic judgments, to see what authority does not see. Naturally this implies the possibility of rebuking and instructing the hierarchy. Does not the Holy Spirit "blow where He will"? For its part, the hierarchy exists for the sake of service; and the sign of its willingness to serve is its disposition to listen, to humble itself, to limit itself, to take advice. As a constant motif, the new freedom insists upon practice which measures up to the theory. Words must be verified in action; theory must be spelled out in concrete responses and structures.



This brief sketch could hardly manage to catch all the nuances of the new freedom, but it may be sufficient to suggest some of its causes. The Council is surely one cause, but not necessarily the most important. The great contribution of the Council is its demonstration that open debate is good for the Church, that freedom of expression is a liberating power. If the bishops can argue, if they can be uncertain, if they profit from mutual criticism—then can't we all? Yet too much emphasis has been placed on the Council, as if it alone (or together with the Spirit of Pope John) explains everything. No less important is the shattering impact of everything meant by the expression "the contemporary world": the impact of a demythologizing science, political and social pluralism, cultural secularity, urbanization—but why continue? All of these things have actually been present for decades, but it took the fact of a complete social assimilation and an awakened sensitivity to secular thought to bring their weight directly to bear on the Catholic consciousness. Almost overnight, all the old apologetic citadels fell and in rushed the world. No one yet knows what to do about it, but at any rate we know that the old distinctions and theological niceties will no longer work. The fate of Pope Pius XII's reputation stands as a good symbol of what is taking place. Rolf Hochhuth maligned the man personally, but his critique of the papacy's self-conception was brutally revealing. The mark of every revolution is the downgrading of former heroes.

Permissiveness

The revolution also has another, decisively important cause: the permissiveness of the bishops and the Holy See. One may well doubt whether the most extreme measures could wholly have stifled the outburst, but it surely could have curtailed it, limiting its scope to the secretive and the agile, the diplomats and liberal scribes. The fact of the matter, however, is that the bishops and the Pope have done little to limit the explosion. To be sure, Pope Paul has assailed those who "seem to have nothing to give Catholic life than bitter, destructive and systematic criticism," but that was a bland enough complaint, hardly sufficient to deter the critics. (Besides, is anyone likely to admit that his criticism is purely destructive?) And while the scattered remarks of various American bishops indicate some are worried about excesses and affronts to the dignity of the *magisterium*, it is increasingly difficult to find instances of genuine suppression. The reasons for this permissiveness are not clear: perhaps fear of public opinion; perhaps, to take the optimistic view, because the bishops and Pope have themselves been influenced by the upheaval, now realizing that the muscular methods of the past are both outmoded and un-Christian. In any case, it has been a long time now since the last *monitum* appeared.

The "new freedom" has already had many important consequences. Problems are now being discussed in a way which would have been utterly unbelievable five years ago; and what is being said in public is innocuous compared with what one hears in private conversations. Escalation is as good a word as any to sum up the course of these discussions. One started by talking about contraception and the "natural law" arguments; now one talks about the possibility of a fallible magisterium. One began by arguing about the religious liberty of non-Catholics; now one affirms the rights of the Catholic conscience. One sought "renewal"; now one wants reform.

The power of this escalation can vividly be seen in *Objections to Roman Catholicism*, edited by Michael

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de la Bedoyere (Lippincott, $3.95). Here we find many long-accepted complaints, but with a new urgency and force. G. F. Pollard, for instance, attacks Scholasticism for its lack of a vital mystical and existential dimension. Professor H.P.R. Finberg has a go at censorship. Rosemary Haughton contributes a sensitive essay on "Freedom and the Individual." The omnipresent Archbishop Roberts speaks again on the inadequacy of the Church's recent teaching on war and contraception. The escalation in those essays, however, is gentle. It is not at all gentle in the opening piece, "Some Reflections on Superstition and Credulity," by Magdalen Goffin. Mrs. Goffin rails against a magical notion of religion, an old enough target, but along the way she manages to say that, "To believe in eternal punishment is superstitious . . ." *That* is escalation, and of the most effective kind, building as it does on a number of other reservations which would not bother most educated Catholics. When *Objections* first appeared in England, it was roundly assaulted, most notably by Evelyn Waugh; and numerous reviewers pointed to the "dubious orthodoxy" of Mrs. Goffin's essay. Yet so far as I know nothing happened to Mrs. Goffin; she was no more bitterly castigated than any number of other writers of recent years. In short, her escalation of the discussion of superstition was a success.

Needless to say, it is precisely this kind of development which feeds the anxieties and forebodings of many, and not just those reactionaries who have opposed the Council and all its works from the start. A notable feature of Catholic life in recent months has been a reaction even on the part of many once fully identified with the drive for *aggiornamento*. There are warnings about "going too far." There are objections to the seemingly nasty tone of much Catholic debate. There are admonitions to "slow down." When a Monsignor John Tracy Ellis feels compelled to chide some lay speakers and writers, as he did recently in these pages, then clearly the reaction can't summarily be dismissed as a sign of hard-shell Catholicism showing its old face once again. "Where will it all end?" The question is one which the "new freedom" was bound to raise; the only surprise is that it has been so long in coming.

The question is sensible and it should be taken seriously. One might begin with a few of the most common worries. It has been said, for instance, that the tone of some lay writing has of late shown a tendency toward real disrespect for authority, and at least has manifested a lack of elementary courtesy and charity, I see no reason why this should be denied. One can, without much trouble, find scattered pieces of evidence to support the charge, and even more if one reads between the lines (a legitimate, though hazardous, enterprise). Yet there are some extenuating circumstances which explain why it is not always easy, or even desirable, to speak and write in the genteel language the anti-critics want. The most significant is the fact of continuing abuses on the part of a few bishops, some provincials and many chancery functionaries. In such cases, there is no course other than harsh denunciation; the quiet, well-modulated complaint seems to do no good at all. An aroused public opinion is highly effective and necessary in the Church; it can't always be had with the rhetoric of rectory tea parties.

Abstract Figures

Another extenuating circumstance is that, by and large, the bishops and functionaries are distant, almost abstract figures to most of those who write and give lectures. It takes a powerful effort of the imagination to visualize a bishop one has never met, and probably never could meet, as another human being with feelings and hard-won views. Direct and intimate conversations, human contacts, among bishops and laymen and bishops and untitled priests are exceedingly rare; hence when a bishop is attacked he is attacked as a figurehead. There is nothing personal in all of this. How could there be when the bishop as a person is often unknown? This is one of the prices we pay for a Church which is cumbersomely large, little marked by a living sense of community, and weighted down with a combination of medieval etiquette and modern, impersonal bureaucracy. In his recent book *Priest and People*, Father Joseph H. Fichter, S.J., discovered that fifty percent of the priests he surveyed from the largest metropolitan centers felt that their bishop took little or no interest in them. One can sympathize with the bishops, whose domain is often a complex ecclesiastical empire, far more than one man could be expected to administer in a direct and intimate way; but the statistic is still painful beyond words. No wonder that so many arguments can be carried on only in the public press, where words and not people are dominant.

Still another consideration is that of the general quest for a fresh way of talking about the Church and talking in the Church. The desire for a vernacular language is by no means restricted to the liturgy; it cuts through every dimension of Catholic discourse. Just as the current translations of the Mass are marked by much clumsiness, so too the rhetoric of debate has by no means found its natural idiom. Until such time as the Catholic writer, lecturer and debater finds a mode of expression

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both strong and yet still Christian, linguistic excesses will continue to prevail.

Is any of this dangerous? Well, one has to ask: dangerous to what? It is not necessarily dangerous to the sense of friendship and mutual personal respect which is supposed to exist between authority and subject. That friendship and respect has for some time often been only a mere formality, a victim of impersonal structures and lack of personal contact. The vigorous writing of recent months only makes what was once hidden publicly visible. It is not dangerous to the office of authority, for no one has directly questioned the rights of office; only the romance of authority may suffer, and there is no harm there. Nor is it dangerous to the more simple folk among the laity who, it is sometimes said, are not capable of making the kinds of subtle distinctions native to intellectuals. Whoever these "simple folk" are, they live in the world too and as often as not have the same problems as any other Catholic.

Most of the backlash, then, with all its attendant nervousness, has been misdirected. Much of it seems based on a belief that the Church will inevitably go to pieces if the politeness and dishonest discretion of old gives way to a different style of talk and argument. The only piece of evidence which might tend to support this assumption is the course of the contraception debate. No doubt the many unsanctioned books and articles questioning the prohibition of contraceptives have seriously undermined whatever little respect there may once have been for the teaching of Pius XI and XII. But here one can only say that, again, it was a matter of articulating reservations which were widely known but unspoken. Nothing really new was added, unless it be the positive efforts to find the basis for a development of doctrine.

Still, it would be naïve to deny the possibility of any dangers in the "new freedom." Revolutionaries have ever been known to go berserk once free of their chains and no species of self-righteousness can be as strong as that felt by former prisoners jailed unjustly; so too there is an ever-present temptation to choose whatever means lie easily at hand to carry out reforms. To mention first the most obvious seduction: commercialism. Part of the drama of Vatican II can look like that of a dark jail cell being blown apart by the prisoners inside. There is a good story there, and one is well paid to tell it these days. If he is better than average at the game, he can be assured of publicity and prominence. The most flagrant example of the possibilities here is *Ramparts* magazine. A combination of vulgarized reform zeal and ingenious hucksterism, *Ramparts* is scant on theological substance. Apparently that is not really so important, at least if one is to judge by the words of its editor, Mr. Edward Keating. He is quoted on the fly leaf of his new book, *The Scandal of Silence* (Random House, $4.95), as saying that "It is not so much what is said as it is the fact that something at all was said." To the extent that there are many in the Church who feel the need for a catharsis (any old kind), he may have a point. But there is no future in this at all. It makes for a good press conference, but does little for reform. There has been a "scandal of silence" in the Church. Mr. Keating is perfectly correct there, and he succeeds in popularizing some of its causes and cures in his book. Yet the total effect is only to prove there can be as much scandal in diffuse noise as in perpetual silence. A Catholic David Susskind is no answer to the Fulton J. Sheens. At about the same time *Ramparts* began, so did *Continuum*, a superb quarterly. Almost everyone has now heard of *Ramparts*, but few know of *Continuum*. *Ramparts* has reaped the rewards which come of trivializing serious matters; *Continuum*, blessedly, has standards and intellectual rigor, which of course rarely make the news.

Some Things Askew

Another danger is that, in our enthusiasm for reform, we will let approaches and arguments go by which should be criticized. A case in point is Anne Biezanek's book, *All Things New* (Harper & Row, $3.50). Dr. Biezanek recounts in her book the mental anguish and abuse she has suffered over her inability to accept the Holy See's prohibition of contraceptives. Her story is a painful one to hear, and it is understandable why she felt driven to open a family planning clinic in England. Doubtless the open expression of her problems is one more piece of useful evidence, for those who will listen, that the Church should leave the means of family planning in the hands of individual couples. In that respect *All Things New* is, as one says these days, "courageous and deeply moving" *(Birmingham Post)*. It also happens to contain some of the silliest theology seen in a long time. Dr. Biezanek couples her plea for an acceptance of contraceptives with an equally fervent hope that the Church will define as a dogma the notion that Mary is the Co-Redemptrix. "It is my belief," she writes, "that the recent spectacular advance in contraceptive knowledge is *a sign from heaven*. . . a sign. . . that Eve is now truly forgiven [and] . . . that the reprieve for the daughters of Eve was won for them by 'the second Eve,' Mary . . ." "The contraceptive pill has come to woman as a heavenly reprieve from. . . primordial doom." Just as the Church has not had the courage to change its teaching on contraception, so it has cravenly been steering clear

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of Mariology recently for reasons of ecumenical "expediency."

Should one go out of one's way to note such things about a book which serves a good cause? Doesn't one provide the mossbacks with ammunition by calling attention to the more bizarre aspects of Dr. Biezanek's argument? The questions have a familiar ring about them: they are the same kind of questions asked by these who would have the Church hide its sins and faults, who panic that some revelation of stupidity will harm the Church's public image. Enough of such questions; they are as wrong from one quarter as from another. To the extent that the new freedom can bring itself to look hard at its own by-products, dealing harshly with them if necessary, will it save itself from dishonesty. The atmosphere of the new freedom has made it possible for the Biezaneks and the Keatings to speak; they and others like them need that freedom. But the freedom will not be complete until there is no sense of hesitation in criticizing what they say, no worries about setting back the cause, no doubts about the wisdom of rejecting would-be allies.

Two more dangers should be noted. Just as harsh papal denunciations and excommunications seem to have gone out of style, so also fewer and fewer seem to feel a need to dramatically break with the Church. Reformers have become too wise to pack up and leave the Church; the Church has become too wise to drive them out. I count this the greatest blessing of the new freedom. There is breathing room now in the Church; there is room for what the Anglican Bishop of Woolwich, John A. T. Robinson, has called "our private discounts and transpositions." But as so often happens the greatest blessing entails the greatest risk: the very real possibility that we would each come to create our private little church-within-the-Church, with our own idiosyncratic creed and commitments. No one but ourselves need know of the existence of these private enclaves, so it is safe enough business. Yet I think in the long run it would be the very death of theological progress and personal integrity. There is no greater need today than to find out what the essence of Christianity is. This must be a communal task; the easy way out is to give it our own meaning. To find our own way of appropriating Christianity is one thing; to stuff it with our own contents is quite another. The former is necessary, the latter can be disastrous.

A word should be said about recriminations and purges. There are none so noxious to reformers as faint-hearted brethren, worriers and doubters. The desire for a revolutionary purity of vision, a total commitment, is a grand thing; it also leads to witch-hunts, the obsessive sniffing out of potential defectors, the repudiation of former friends who give evidence of going soft. This could easily happen in the atmosphere of the new freedom, precisely because its spirit is so powerful and yet still not fully established. Can we in the Church resist this spirit? The signs so far are not wholly favorable, at least to judge from some enraged indignation directed of late at Monsignor Ellis and Justus Lawler, to mention only a couple of names. If we are going to use the word "courage," we had better not forget that if often takes more nerve to differ with one's friends than with the outside enemy establishment. Nor should we forget that to differ is not to betray.

Where Are We Heading?

Now none of this has answered the question raised earlier about the new freedom: where will it all end? The answer, I want to suggest, is that the question can't possibly be answered, and that it is a waste of time to try. This much at least can be said: the new freedom is here to stay. Not all the condemnations that any anxious pope or bishop could pronounce, nor any new *Syllabus of Errors* or neo-Modernist oath, would make more than a momentary difference. They would simply be swallowed up, for the new freedom is not just limited to a small, controllable elite, but is a genuine movement of the people, springing from a sudden and wholly unexpected vision of what the Church can become, of what it must no longer be. The vision is cloudy, the efforts fumbling. Yet there is power and life.

There are moments in history when, so to speak, the Church has to start all over. That is what is now happening; that is the meaning of the new freedom. For those who worry about escalation, about bringing more and more traditional positions under scrutiny, there can be no easy word of comfort. The Church has rapidly passed beyond a desire only for renewal of existing forms and doctrines; it is now coming to ask who God is, what faith is, what the Church is. These are the root questions. They are the ones we have been trying to ask all along, without quite knowing how. Is this "going too far"? Where else can one go without risking the loss of everything? The loss of meaning, of conviction, of direction, of love, of God Himself. That is what is at stake with the new freedom, and it is frightening. Or at least it will be so for those who do not see the hand of the Holy Spirit. For those who do, there can be fear as well; but joy will drive it out. At last.

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SHOULD STUDENTS GO SOUTH?

The era of the weekend warrior is over

FRANK MILLSPAUGH

Should students go South? The question is a natural and necessary one, and not only for students (who tend to make up their minds without the aid of published advice) but for all interested in the present state and future direction of the Southern civil rights movement. In the halcyon days of the movement—only four years ago—the answer, of course, was an unequivocal *yes*. Everybody available was needed and everyone who came was useful—for a very good reason: there was nothing particular for anyone to do.

Being there was the only thing needed of the person who went South. At that time, it was sufficient that a "presence" be established. The very fact that white students could live with, cooperate with, and identify with, Southern Negroes was important to demonstrate. The ideology of racism and the "Southern way of life" was mortally challenged by this presence. It raised a question of social relations, of humanity, which had been firmly settled in the South for generations. It did violence to the myths that the Negroes were happy with the existing situation; that members of neither race really desired fraternization and that social mixing of the races was as absurd and fruitless as attempting to mix oil and water or cats and dogs.

The sudden phenomenon of voluntary integration forced upon white Southerners questions which their society never permitted them to raise. Violence done to these integration efforts and to the people in them disrupted the homogeneity of the white community. Very few white Southerners offered open support of the "civil righters," but many failed to come out in open opposition.

The movement was geared to this as a major thrust and emphasized in pronouncement and action the felicity of man. In this early period, the great songs of the movement were born. Voice—black and white—lifted in harmony to the resolute words but conciliatory strains of the songs which almost *were* the movement. "The civil rights movement is a singing movement," John Lewis, the then new chairman of SNCC, once observed. It certainly was, and it was primarily sung to and for the white Southerner.

"We shall overcome!" we sang. But we never said, "We are going to win this fight!" For the civil rights movement was also a religious movement: a religious movement informed by primitive Protestantism which emphasized love and forgiveness and reconciliation. The vernacular of this religion's heritage became the vocabulary of the movement. One didn't simply demonstrate in Jackson, Mississippi; one "witnessed his faith."

These attitudes were, and in some degree still are, integral to the movement. The students in the movement primarily have been Southern Negroes and Northern whites. They came together and when the old myths did not automatically apply, these students were relieved and overjoyed. They didn't have friends, they had "soul brothers." The long, late conversations were not bull-sessions, they were "communities of forgiveness."

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The only flaw in this otherwise idyllic picture is that it always threatened to become a sham. We simply were not completely truthful to one another, nor honest with ourselves. Our "love" for one another was to no small extent a combination of our fear of the white Southerners and of our individual lostness.

Most of the Negro students in the movement are Southerners. Because of their education and broader experience, they have felt the deprivation and injustice of the Southern system more sharply than other Southern Negroes. Many have studied in the North and have experienced the humiliation of Northern prejudice as well as the brutality of Southern segregation. They knew the enemy was white, and many often have believed that the enemy was whiteness. These Negro students have resented their white Northern colleagues, because the white students could always "walk out." They have resented their need for the white students partially because society had tried to condition them to need white approval. Finally, some Negro students have resented the fact that they themselves were black, so they made blackness a cardinal virtue.

The white Northern students, on the other hand, were problematic. Many came South because of their ideals, but some also came because of their desperate need to belong somewhere. With long histories of social inadequacy in their home towns and on their campuses, these latter have found their roots as members of the campus fringe, mortally dissatisfied with the way things are, but totally without a constructive alternative. Unable to participate in any structure, they have sought a sense of participation in anti-structure. Hating external discipline and devoid of self-discipline, they could oppose an evil system only with a non-system. Disfunctional in a society which categorizes and evaluates everyone by functions, they have hated themselves and have identified with Negroes because the society hated Negroes.

The recognition that these complex histories and resentments underlay the "love" in the civil rights movement led to a new era of race relations. It was based on honesty, and it was certainly a welcome relief from the earlier Little Annie Rooneyism of cloying, ungenuine love. Everyone was encouraged to get their true feelings out in the open. But honesty is very threatening and the era of honesty and "openness" was short lived, although it is still believed in. In large part, the honesty has degenerated into brutality and self-abasement, and there it remains.

If that were the end of the story, then the answer to the question posed in the first sentence should be a clear and resounding *no*. This is, however, not the entirety of the story of the civil rights movement in the South.

The movement has changed. For one thing, the local Negro communities have taken it over. The students have been successful, despite handicaps. They have succeeded in galvanizing the Negro communities into collective activity. Partially by design and partially by default, the students have then done what they said they would do: they have turned the direction of the movement over to the new local leadership in these galvanized communities.

A second change in the movement is that it is no longer a primarily singing and religious movement. It is now largely a political and economic movement. People still sing at the meetings, and religious symbolism still figures importantly in the vocabulary, but the terms "economic pressure" and "power structure" are more central than are "witness" and "reconciliation." This may seem unfortunate, but the previous ideals demanded saints and moral perfection, whereas the new, more tactical considerations require only human beings and hard work.

Thirdly, a new kind of student is entering the movement. Simply *being there* is no longer enough. That confrontation has been made, and its benefits have been exhausted. It now matters what the individual can do, what skills he has to offer. The student with nothing to offer but his presence is simply in the way. The weekend warrior who rodded in from Yale in his Triumph for the Easter holidays is rerouted to Fort Lauderdale. The eternal adolescence of the majority of white Southerners has long been a burden to Southern Negroes; they now have no need of any more babies to wet-nurse.

The civil rights movement in the South is growing, and it is growing up. As it has grown, it has developed new needs. At this point in its history, the movement needs a better defined strategy and more creative programming. Most of what is being done in the movement is just a little more of the same things that have always been done. This is true on all levels. Full enforcement of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 will only change the savagery of Southern life to the anonymity of Northern life. This will certainly be an improvement, but hardly enough.

Adoption and rigorous application of the President's proposed voting laws will not transform the South, let alone the American society. The Northern cities have already proven the "one man—one vote" is not enough when there are two other men, also voting, whose economic and social interests are served by keeping the first man subjugated. Similarly, the example

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of Northern Negro politicians should have disproven the theory that once Negroes can elect their own candidates, their problems will be solved. (The experience of whites the country over should also weaken that belief.)

Populist Strategy

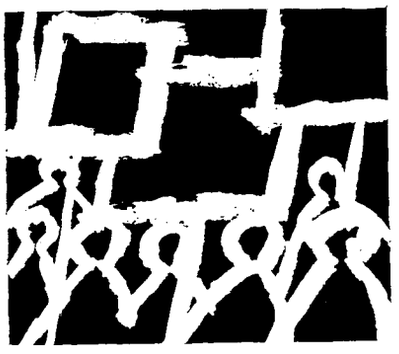
More to the point, but hopelessly illusionary, is the populist-inspired strategy of attempting to demonstrate to Southern poor whites their economic and political commonality of interest with Southern Negroes. The case for this strategy is that it is based on fact. The poor white—the marginal farmer, sharecropper, and unskilled laborer—is perhaps the most victimized person in the South. In pursuance of its own economic interests and political prerogatives, the white power structure has kept the poor white in a state of deprivation that in every way parallels that of the Negroes. In order to keep him there, the power structure uses the Negro as reward and as threat. If he behaves, the poor white is allowed to mistreat and victimize the Negro; if he doesn't behave, his job will be given to a Negro. Thus, the poor white believes that he is at least someone's social superior and that he could be worse off. Negroes are less deluded.

But the populist strategy is doomed by the same body of facts which lends it logical validity. It does not adequately take into account the poor white's need for an automatic social inferior or the fear he holds for Negroes. The poor white is traditionally the stuff of the mobs and the lynch gangs. He is a most unrealistic point of departure for a strategy of power coalition.

A more realistic strategy would appear to be that of creating alternative, duplicate institutions outside existing state or power structure ones, which can then compete with the older forms for local involvement, financial support, and federal recognition. This is at least in part the theory behind the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party. Created parallel to the regular party which excludes Negroes, the MFDP holds its own delegation to the national party convention, and is challenging the seats of the Mississippi congressmen in the House of Representatives.

This is also the theory underlying a new project in Mississippi: the Radio Free Mississippi project of the Mississippi Information Broadcasting Corporation. Here an attempt is being made to create a state-wide radio network which is owned by an open membership organization and controlled by democratically elected officials of that membership organization.

Although the vast majority of members of both these organizations—the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party and the Mississippi Information Broadcasting Corporation—are Negroes, these organizations are completely open to and solicit white membership. Thus, they offer to everyone alternatives to the status quo. And they go one step further by introducing democratic principles into areas of activity that even in the North are considered the prerogatives of a moneyed elite.



The principles of such a strategy are most clearly outlined in a study prepared last October by Christopher Jencks and Milton Kotler of the Institute for Policy Studies for the Board of National Missions of the Presbyterian Church. This study, entitled *A Strategy of Para-Government for Negro Mississippi: the Prospects of Direct Federal Relation,* discusses a number of institutions which could be independently developed and used to both better the immediate condition of Southern Negroes and compete with the old institutions for support and recognition. These include a school system, a health and welfare program, an agricultural assistance program, etc. The authors point out that not only could such programs attract Northern philanthropic assistance, but could be eligible for federal funds as well.

As Jencks and Kotler indicate, the Economic Opportunities Act of 1964 suggests the organizational method by which this could be achieved: the Community Action Project. Such a system provides a structure for direct local involvement and control, linked to a state-wide program. The authors recommend the creation of "State Welfare Development Agencies" in every Negro community, independent of the official state government, and run entirely by the people who wish to serve and be served by them.

Of course, the civil rights movement should not cease insisting that the state governments open their institutions to all citizens. The creation of the "para-governmental" institutions is designed to give weight to those demands, to fill the need until the demand is met, and in some instances, to totally supplant the governmental institutions.

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The civil rights movement grows, and the nature of its needs changes. These needs demand new people with new ideas, new abilities, and new understandings. Being there is no longer sufficient; one must be there to do something valuable.

Provisions and Provisos

The question again, then: Should students go South? Obviously, the answer is *yes* and *no*, depending on the individual student or, more to the point, the individual person. For those who think their answer may be *yes*, the following propositions are offered both for consideration before going and as provisos while there. They are also offered as implicit guidelines by which the movement might judge its own health

Personal problems are part of the person. Neither Mississippi nor Alabama are rest-homes. No one "finds" himself there, although many people totally lose self there. Anyone who has difficulty dealing with his problems in a Northern community can scarcely be expected to cope with them under conditions of harsh, irrational authoritarianism which characterize the social system of the deep South. The ego that is too sensitive for the college campus will hardly withstand the daily accusations of depravity and subversion which will be its lot behind the Cotton Curtain.

There is no One True Way. The vice of dogmatism frequently masquerades as the voice of experience. As anywhere else and as in any other endeavor, the Southern movement has its share of personal jealousies, organizational loyalties, and institutional rivalries. Under the extreme stress offered by local conditions, these hostilities are often overcome by mutual necessity, but in a context of crisis, they frequently erupt. There is no one perfect solution to any complex problem, and there is no one person or organization which is either right or wrong all the time.

The People is not the people. There is abroad in the land of the magnolia a new mystique which is as much a sham as all others: the mystique of The People. One frequently hears that such-and-so leader is not one of The People or that such-and-such course of action is not meaningful to The People. This usually means nothing more than that the speaker does not understand or agree with the leader or the course of action. All attempts to arrive at a workable definition of The People result in the exclusion of the majority of the population, hardly in the best democratic tradition. This is a tendency to a new provincialism that can do no one in the South any lasting good. It is well to keep in mind that The People is merely an abstraction, in this case a conceptually empty one, and essentially denies the validity of the individual person.

Spontaneity is no excuse for irresponsibility. In a situation of frequent crises, there is a constant temptation to develop a crisis mentality about the movement. This has happened to whole projects and ruined their effectiveness. People begin to live from danger to danger—and from thrill to thrill—and use this as an excuse to shirk the routine, often tedious, details of running an efficient project. This is usually rationalized as "flexibility" (substitute "sloppiness") or as "necessity" (substitute "defeatism"). Granted that it is emotionally exhausting to work under crisis conditions, only the person who can do so efficiently is capable of making any valuable contribution to the movement at this point in its development.

Death is final. Fewer civil rights workers would have been killed and injured in the South had they really believed this fact and taken the available precautions. Telephone check-in systems, the citizen-band radio network, and the advice of experienced Southern colleagues are all invaluable aids to remaining alive; such safety factors have on occasion been ignored through false bravado. Although genuine martyrdom occurs, fearlessness is more often indicative of brainlessness than invulnerability.

Those who go South this summer go into a novel situation—novel for the movement and for the South. The possibilities of substantive change are greater than ever before, but the direction of that change is less clearly defined. Those who go have both the opportunity to help create that change and to help direct it. It is a rare opportunity and a great responsibility. It demands the best we have to offer.

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THOMAS REITER

NEIGHBOR CHILD

When the rain hangs like a beaded curtain
My shambled greenhouse dreams admit
Early October cold. A wind at fits
Fumbles leaves upon the street;
They strike against my face. In a window
Across the yard a child stalls also.
We watch the rain arrive at tombs of roots
And crops of loneliness, and I know the leaves
That blot my window prophesy
The neighbor child who cannot understand
He practices my dreams.

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Novelist as picaresque hero

MALRAUX'S FATE

MARTIN TURNELL

André Malraux is one of the most colorful figures in contemporary literature and one of the most puzzling. He has been described as a "novelist-philosopher." It would be more accurate to call him a "novelist-adventurer" because it is the adventurer, rather than the thinker, who has provided the novelist with his materials.

This brings us to an interesting problem. It is a common assumption of our age that most novels contain a strong autobiographical element, that the novelist either bases his work on personal experience, or that he uses it as a vehicle for trying to solve his own problems by projecting them into his characters. While it is true that a novelist is bound to put himself to some extent into his books, it is peculiarly difficult to decide the precise extent to which this is done by Malraux. He is one of those men who have become a legend in their own lifetime and very little is known with certainty about his early years. He himself has maintained stoutly that a writer's books are for the public and that his private life is his own affair. Now though he has refused to supply information about his private life, he has done little or nothing to contradict the more extravagant accounts of his youthful exploits: he has allowed the legend to grow unimpeded when a simple denial would have ended it.

He was born in Paris on November 3, 1901. The family came originally from Dunkirk and had been connected in one way or another with the sea. There appears to be no truth in the report that his grandfather committed suicide as well as his father—this bit of the legend may be due to the suicide of the narrator's grandfather in *The Walnut Trees of the Altenburg*. It is true that his father committed suicide in 1930, but by this time Malraux had published two novels in which there is a marked preoccupation with death.

He was educated at the Lycée Condorcet and the School of Oriental Studies in Paris. His early interest in archaeology was combined with a strong interest in art. He had also begun to feel that life in Europe had taken the wrong turning and that in many ways the West was inferior to the East. He expressed these views in a book called *The Temptation of the West* which was begun in 1921, but not completed and published until 1926. In his early twenties he and his wife set out for Indochina in search of some valuable Khmerian sculptures which were said to be in Buddhist temples lining the abandoned Royal Road of Cambodia. It is believed that he found the sculptures, which got him into trouble with the authorities who claimed them as state property and prosecuted him for theft.

Another theory is that Malraux was framed and that it was because of his subversive political opinions that he was tried and imprisoned. His imprisonment caused a minor scandal in Paris. A petition was drawn up by literary men and he was eventually released. After spending no more than a couple of months in France, he returned to Indochina. He seems to have been in contact with the Chinese revolutionaries, but it is not known whether or not he was actively involved in the revolutionary movements between 1924 and 1927. All that is certain is that he was in the East for a considerable period during the "troubles," that he edited a left-wing newspaper, and that the events provided him with a good deal of background material for *The Conquerors* and *Man's Fate,* as the search for the Khmerian sculptures provided material for *The Royal Way.*

To the Left

Malraux is widely thought to have been a Communist. Once again there is uncertainty about the facts. One well known French critic and admirer has asserted that he was never a party member. This may well be true, but between 1930 and the outbreak of war he was prominently associated with left-wing movements in France and other countries. In 1934 he attended the Writers' Congress in the Soviet Union. The same year he accompanied Gide on a much publicized trip to Berlin to intercede on behalf of Dimitrov who had been imprisoned on a charge of complicity in the burning

MARTIN TURNELL, *a long-time contributor to* COMMONWEAL *is the author of several books, including* The Art of French Fiction *(New Directions).*

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of the Reichstag, and he played an active part in the Spanish Civil War on the Republican side. With the publication of *Man's Fate,* which won the Goncourt Prize in 1933, he became one of the most famous living writers and the novel was hailed even by anti-Communist writers like Mauriac as a masterpiece. In 1935 he published *Days of Wrath,* the story of a Communist imprisoned by the Nazis, and in 1937 *Man's Hope,* his novel about the Spanish Civil War which many of his admirers place on a level with *Man's Fate,* or very little below it.

His Last Fiction

When the Second World War broke out, Malraux joined the ranks as a private. He was wounded and taken prisoner at the time of the fall of France. He later escaped and played a prominent part in the Resistance. The war produced *The Walnut Trees of the Altenburg* which might with some truth be described as the work of a "novelist-philosopher." It was the first part of a long work called *Wrestling with the Angel,* but the remainder of the manuscript fell into the hands of the Gestapo and was lost. One recalls that *The Royal Way* was intended as the first volume of a trilogy to be known as *The Power of the Desert* and that it had no sequel. It is clear that we have seen all we are likely to see of the much more interesting *Wrestling with the Angel.* The surviving fragment was published in Switzerland in 1943. The French edition, which appeared five years later, contained a notice saying that twenty thousand copies of the book had been printed and that it would not be reprinted, as in fact it was not.

It was Malraux's last work of fiction. He emerged after the war as Minister of Information in de Gaulle's first government, a post he has held again since the foundation of the Fourth Republic, and as the author of the celebrated *Psychology of Art* (1947-50).

"Metamorphosis" is a favorite word in Malraux's art criticism. It throws light on the man and the writer. "No paradox of Malraux's career," observes Mr. Righter in his valuable monograph, *The Rhetorical Hero: An Essay on the Aesthetics of André Malraux,* "has more puzzled and inflamed both critics and admirers than the particular metamorphosis that has transformed the novelist of violence into a critic and curator, or the ardent revolutionary into a fixture of the established order." He finds a clue in Gaëton Picon's distinction between "an art of rhetoric" and "an art of truth." His use of the word "rhetoric" seems to differ a little from M. Picon's. He gives it its familiar meaning. Malraux is at bottom a romantic; his taste of violence and for the novel of extreme situations is another version of the romantic's desire for the exceptional experience. Pascal, Nietzsche and Spengler all played a part in the formation of the writer. They may appear an oddly assorted trio, but Pascal contributes tragic vision, Nietzsche violence and "rhetoric," Spengler the theory of metamorphosis: the perpetually changing, but also recurring cycles of civilization.

Malraux faces the same problem as other novelists writing in a post-Christian age: the problem of the nature and destiny of man. The decline of religious belief in the nineteenth century led to a drastic impoverishment of the conception of human nature and to the disappearance of the "hero" who indirectly was a product, or possibly a relic, of the Christian centuries. He was replaced by what Raymond Giraud has well called "the unheroic hero," the middle-class protagonists of Balzac and Flaubert on the one hand, and the determinist man, "the human beast" of Zola, on the other. To these must be added Proust's narrator and his progeny: the isolated individual brooding over his own emotions in the fastness of the ivory tower or the cork-lined room and completely isolated from the world of action.

This was the situation against which the twentieth-century novelist rebelled in an attempt to regenerate man, to restore his dignity, to give him a purpose in life and a meaning to life itself. There is a good deal in Père Blanchet's view of Malraux as the naturally religious man deprived of belief. He is haunted by Pascal's image of mankind trapped in a dungeon. He is constantly asserting the dignity of man, but of man in the condemned cell waiting for death and oblivion. This explains the color, the flourishes, the "rhetoric." It also explains Malraux's preoccupation with movements: the desire of the condemned individual to identify himself with a movement which transcends the individual life and which may give meaning to it.

Treasure Hunt

The Royal Way, Malraux's second novel, is rightly regarded as perhaps the least distinguished of his mature novels, but it offers a useful introduction to his work. It is basically an adventure story: the story of two individuals who face great dangers and great hardships traveling through appallingly difficult country inhabited by hostile tribes in search of valuable sculptures. Although their journey is in one sense an up-to-date version of the traditional treasure hunt, the protagonists are both examples of the tormented modern man trying to solve the riddle of his fate, trying obscurely to prove

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himself. They are both preoccupied, like their creator, with death and sexuality. Death, which casts its shadow over almost every word they speak and every thought which enters their minds, threatens to cut them off and consign them to oblivion before they have solved their problems and discovered what manner of men they are. They indulge in eroticism, that violent loveless sexuality, in the hope of finding in it an antidote, if only a temporary one, against the obsessive presence of death. That is their mistake. It may provide a temporary distraction from their predicament, but its effects are profoundly disruptive. It is an escape into another form of violence which undermines the very fibers of man's being and makes any kind of ordered life impossible.

The two men find the treasure, as Malraux himself is supposed to have done, but for Perken the hunt ends in death, and for his partner, in despair. The book, we remember, was to have been the first of a trilogy. If it had no sequel, it was because the novelist found himself in an impasse. The individual as opposed to the collective adventure no longer holds out hope of any solution. It cannot be said that the novel ends even with a mark of interrogation: it ends in sheer disaster without so much as a hint of explanation of man's nature and destiny.

What Malraux in fact did was to return to an earlier formula: the formula used in *The Conquerors,* the first of his novels that "counts." He chose actual, historical situations—the Communist risings in China or the Spanish Civil War which replace the individual treasure hunt as the "adventure"—and into this setting he inserted his imaginary characters. The characters represent different attitudes towards the Party, but these attitudes have wider implications. Malraux explores them and creates the variegated pattern which is "man's fate" or, more accurately, "the human condition." The different attitudes are only sketched in *The Conquerors,* which is primarily an approach shot that will lead to *Man's Fate.* His first novel has only one protagonist. It is the Communist Garine who is let down by the Party and leaves China, the scene of his earlier triumphs, suffering from an incurable disease to die in obscurity in Moscow.

The pattern is much more complex in *Man's Fate* where each of the characters is a strand in the pattern, an aspect of "the human condition." Kyo and Katow are the new-style revolutionaries; Tchen the Terrorist; Gisors, the father of Kyo, a Father-figure dispensing a sort of secular left-wing wisdom; Ferral the Capitalist who is totally indifferent to ideological conflicts and tries to buy off Chiang Kai-shek to save his business enterprises; and the fantastic figure of Baron Clappique the Mythomaniac. Kyo and Katow are new-style revolutionaries—though men of action, their ultimate interest lies in what man "is" and not what he "does." It follows that their aims transcend those of the Party, that their individuality brings them into conflict with it and leads eventually to their deaths.

In every case, however, we find an individual man trying to work out his fate in a situation which is only partly of his own choosing. Tchen the Terrorist, for example, who is a more mature version of Hong in *The Conquerors,* feels that he can only fulfil himself in some final act of violence, in an assassination in which both the assassin and his victim will perish. He dies horribly in an attempt to assassinate Chiang. The fact that Chiang is not in the car when Tchen throws himself under it with the bomb points to a connection between Malraux's work and that of the writers of the Absurd. It is underlined by Clappique the Mythomaniac who dawdles irresponsibly at the roulette tables and fails to warn Kyo in time that he is about to be arrested. Ferral is Malraux's profoundest study of erotomania: the business tycoon who tries not merely to use his mistress as an instrument of loveless pleasure in order to escape from his financial problems, but who seeks to inflict humiliations on her as a means of satisfying a devouring thirst for domination and of bolstering up his own personality. In this he is thwarted. In a scene of ferocious comedy the woman turns the tables on him and he is crushingly humiliated.

Solitary Confinement

It is of considerable significance that Clappique and Ferral almost run away with the novel. In creating them, Malraux forgot his ideological interests and gave full rein to his creative verve. The result is that both characters have a vividness and vitality which is not to be found in any of the serious-minded revolutionaries among the other characters, and that Clappique has something of the reality which belongs to the greatest comic creations in European fiction, notably Proust's Baron de Charlus.

The tragic issue of all these stories underlines Malraux's preoccupation with Pascal's image of man in the condemned cell. For the movement to which the individual attaches himself soon becomes itself a prison which threatens to smother his individuality. His attempts to break out of it, to rescue his fellowmen through his vision of a new world where there are no prisons and no bars, verge on the heroic, but they end in disaster and death.

In *Days of Wrath* Malraux returns to the novel with

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only one protagonist. Almost the entire action is concerned with Kassner, the Communist, who is literally imprisoned and tortured by the Nazis. His captors fail to discover his identity and release him without knowing that he is in fact the man they want. But though this man escapes from the condemned cell, Malraux goes out of his way to make us feel that his freedom is only temporary, that there will be a next time which will be fatal. The horizon broadens again in *Man's Hope* where different attitudes toward the Civil War reveal the same search for something beyond and something better, and where once again vision is frustrated by the treachery of the Party and the incompetence of the revolutionaries.

The extreme situation of the novels is reproduced in the art criticism, in Malraux's "museum of masterpieces," where the great artists represent in a different way the ultimates of human experience. The style of the art criticism is of a piece with that of the novels. Mr. Righter has some excellent pages in which he defends his author against the sly academics who enjoy picking out errors of fact and judgment in the belief that it somehow invalidates the undertaking. It does nothing of the sort. It is easy for the ill-natured to poke fun at the "curator" of "the museum without walls," but Malraux is not a professor writing for examination candidates. What he offers is not scholarship, but a message which is very different in aim and impact from that of the dons.

It is clear that Mr. Righter has a considerable admiration for his author, but we are to some extent left wondering about his final judgment and the place that he assigns to him in the contemporary hierarchy. The answer should perhaps be that, as befits the creator of "the rhetorical hero," Malraux is a great figure rather than a great writer. His continual urge to find causes means that he has of necessity identified himself with causes that are phenomenal and that this has had its effect on his fiction. He is, as surely as Stendhal, a "political" novelist, but Stendhal's picture of the corruption and shoddy policies of the France of Louis-Philippe in *Lucien Leuwen* is a masterpiece which is still the perfect comment on the shameful antics of the politicians in all countries. With *Man's Fate*, one feels, too much that is ephemeral, too much that is perishable, has gone into the novel, which becomes more dated every year. The case of *Man's Hope* is much worse. This account of the bow-and-arrow affair in Spain, which is riddled with the political clichés of the nineteen-thirties and the incomprehensible initials of forgotten left-wing organizations, is rapidly becoming unreadable.

TWO BY BRECHT

THE STAGE

Two recent productions, of a Brecht play and a Brecht playlet respectively, help us if help is still needed to plot the gaudy arc of Brecht's career.

The first, "Baal," belongs to what has been called his romantic anarchist phase. The central figure is a young poet bent on self-destruction—in a Thurber cartoon, he might be saying, "I'm going to hell and you can't stop me." This can be taken as a gloss on the Victorian conviction that a man's sins will always find him out *physically*. The sex manuals which Stephen Marcus discussed a short while back in *Partisan Review* were full of dire threats to this effect; and stories like *Dorian Gray* and *Jekyll and Hyde* served unwittingly to illustrate the manuals. In a world where appearances were everything it was something to be able to warn a young man that his nose would drop off if he didn't watch his step.

To which the young romantic, represented here by Baal, said, not so much "I don't believe it" (he believed it all too well) as "I don't care." He embraced his fate, exaggerated it, and wallowed in it defiantly. "Baal" was written in 1919 and goes about as far as you can go in this direction. In place of the spooky, mysterious vices that the Grays and Hydes dramatically succumbed to, we get the real Hogarthian article. Baal descends, like the famous orgies of the same name, through lighthearted sensuality to compulsive sensuality to depravity, impotence and death. The play could be read as a Victorian morality thrown in the teeth of the moralists—for Baal, like Mother Courage, is also a hero of sorts: in a stinking world he has taken the most honorable, and even the most natural, course.

This is not Swinburnian melancholy, creme de menthe by candlelight, but genuine obsession, and "Baal" is not a trivial play. Nevertheless the exuberant completeness of Baal's destruction reminds one slightly of Scott Fitzgerald's early ambition, according to Edmund Wilson, to write a "100% meaningless novel"— it is a young man's play. The disgust lacks focus. Besides the vague sense that too much sex will debilitate a young fellow, there is a generalized horror over excrement (e.g., the famous line about "the good God who so distinguished himself by joining the urinary passage with the sex organ,") of a kind that one usually associates with a good middle-class upbringing: the mystic silence surrounding the post-Victorian bathroom must have set

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off a good many such obsessions—one thinks of George Orwell, who brought the smell of excrement into almost everything he wrote—but Brecht seems to have got this out of his system early, to have converted it later to a richer, more useful disgust.

The poetry in "Baal" is limited—too many references to the sky changing color, turning black etc., the kind of images you drum up when you want to write poetry for the sake of writing poetry—and the songs translate even more awkwardly than usual. Yet Brecht's distinctive voice can already be heard in every line, and the cumulative effect has all the strangeness and queer authority of Brecht at his best. The surface of his mind would refine and discard a good many ideas, but the primary emotion, the sharp cry of the new-born artist (everyone cries when he first sees the world, but the artist remembers why) would remain constant.

Of the actors in the current, raggletag production, Mitchell Ryan does very well by Baal, and Leonard Hicks is good in a variety of roles. James Earl Jones is disappointing: but since he is also playing Othello four days a week, he obviously has a lot on his mind at the moment. (*At the Martinique*)

In real life, Baal did not destroy himself at all (it is harder to do so than romantic poets used to imagine), but joined the Communist Party and thus "got religion," thirties style.

"The Exception and the Rule" finds Brecht trussed uncomfortably in the corsets of party doctrine. His language has been miraculously cleaned up, and the moral of his tale is as excruciatingly edifying as anything you could want to find in a pious magazine. It concerns a wicked Capitalist exploiter racing to beat a competitor across the African desert. In a paroxism of suspiciousness, the capitalist fires his guide (middle-class middleman); then, finding himself totally unable to understand the servant with whom he must now deal directly, winds up dismissing the latter as well—this time with a stage bullet. (The saintly servant approaches him with a water-flask, which he mistakes for a rock. The judge says in effect, you were right to expect a rock in this dirty stinking world, not guilty.) It ends with a flat-footed curtain speech exhorting the audience to stamp out this kind of thing everywhere.

A Brecht buff of the period, with no clue to the future, might well have been discouraged at this point. It must have looked like a classic case of the young anarchist losing his nerve and running for cover. The totally unexpected synthesis of Mother Courage could not have been dimly guessed at.

And yet, the authentic voice was around in this play too. With all the zeal of the new convert, Brecht had written a sufficiently simple-minded fable. But like everything he wrote, it is a firecracker that might go off in almost anyone's hands. All the trappings of Brechtian irony are on display (symbolized by the inevitable, sardonic cabaret sign-posts, with their curious echo of silent-movie titles), though in semi-suspension; and one gets the usual feeling that Brecht knows more than he is telling and that one side of his brain is shrieking with laughter at the other's earnestness and gullibility. The Communist Party is said to have approached Brecht with caution, even at his most docile—and its instincts in these matters are usually sound.

The production is reasonably ingenious. Paul Richards is amusing if improbable as the capitalist; Frank Groseclose makes a ripely sinister Judge, abetted by the chalky face that distinguishes the white characters from the colored ones; and Joseph Chaikin is outstanding as the native servant. (*At the Greenwich Mews*)

WILFRID SHEED

THE MONSTERS

THE SCREEN

Anyone who rebels against Wordsworth's "Six years' darling of a pigmy size" and insists that children are little monsters may enjoy the corroboration given by a couple of new movies. Neither one is exactly a "Lord of the Flies," but both find the viewers' sympathies leaning toward the put-upon, though erring, elders.

Producer-director-writer Delmer Dave's "The Battle of the Villa Fiorita" lacks the wit and style of the Rumer Godden novel on which it is based, but it still has a great deal to recommend it; and it is well above the soap opera level with which some reviewers have labeled it. The acting is good; the Technicolor photography of England and Italy's Lake Garda district is handsome; and its story, though not very subtle or entirely convincing, is completely absorbing.

No doubt much of the fascination is due to the audience's finding its loyalties divided. When the English matron (played by Maureen O'Hara) falls in love with the visiting Italian composer (Rossano Brazzi) and coolly discusses the situation with her sedate husband (Richard Todd) before running off to Italy, our concern is for her two baffled children. At first, the school-age youngsters (Martin Stephens and Eliza-

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beth Dear) think this is all rather romantic, "like gypsies." But they realize their mother is not a gypsy. So while their father, a diplomat, is away on a mission, on their own and alone they make the incredible (for children) journey from England to Italy and gird themselves for the battle of the Villa Fiorita which must end with their bringing mother back home.

Up to this point you're still with the children. But when they are joined by widower Rossano's daughter (Olivia Hussey), who takes a dim view of anything English, the three brats plan their campaign so fiendishly that you begin to shy away from them and their well-meant intentions. Though the kids are essentially right, you'd like to smack their sassy faces. Through Dave's skillful direction, the situation, particularly the finale, becomes quite poignant. The film does not take sides—and, strangely enough, neither do you.

Anyone who has read *A High Wind in Jamaica* knows that its author, Richard Hughes, didn't take sides either. He told a first-rate story about a group of children who make an innocent voyage from Jamaica to England, a voyage that leaves them not so innocent in its aftermath. The children are captured on their way by pirates; and the pirates, strangely well meaning, become the victims of the youngsters.

This story, a comic-tragedy steeped in irony, has been made into a handsome movie by producer John Croydon who does full justice to the background in the beautiful color photography of Jamaica and the sea, and to the grim story with a fine cast and a superb musical score composed by Larry Adler. My only argument with "A High Wind in Jamaica" is in the emphasis put on the adults and in the introduction of so much humor meant to give relief to the shocking themes. Alexander Mackendrick has done a masterly job in directing the large cast. Anthony Quinn and James Coburn whoop it up in energetic style as the leading pirates. But it is the children who should be our main concern. Deborah Baxter is superb as Emily who really carries the weight of the story; and she is thoroughly convincing as the little girl who, seemingly not knowing the difference between adult good and evil, tells the lie that spells disaster. Although I was interested in "High Wind" from beginning to end, I found the film somewhat padded. Not having the nerve to go as far as Hughes does in his tale of moppet monsters who really aren't monsters, this "High Wind" substitutes an occasional sentimental touch that detracts from Hughes's unedited bitter reality. It is a film to be seen, however—especially by rebels against Wordsworth.

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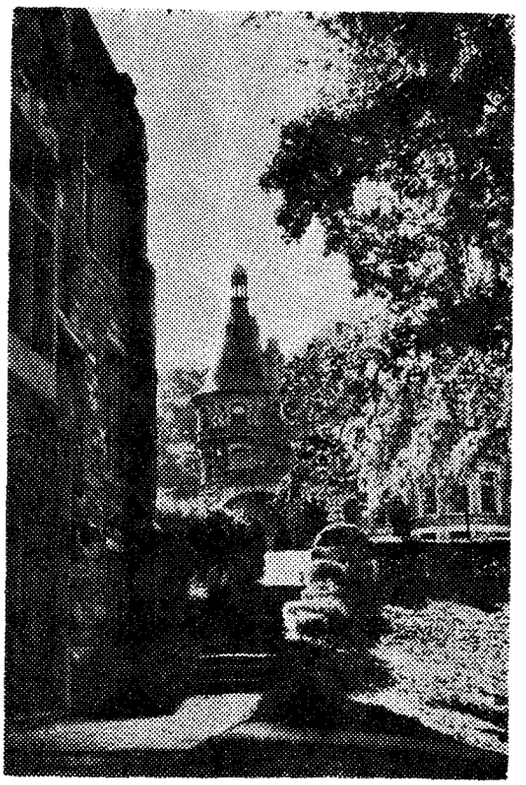
Rosemont College

Rosemont, Pennsylvania



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BOOKS

Our attitudes toward death and their meaning for life

Suicide and the Soul

JAMES HILLMAN

Harper and Row, $3.50

EDMUND J. EGAN

This is a beautiful book, despite its dogmatism and occasional stridency. Dr. Hillman, Director of Studies at the Jung Institute in Zurich, has written a plea for, and brilliant exposition of, lay analysis, and a meditation on detachment and the self, both set within the context of death and our attitudes toward it.

In the domains of law, sociology and medicine, death, he tells us, is viewed as a phenomenon extrinsic to the meaning of life and is hence unequivocally cast as the enemy. In theology, death is positively acknowledged, but only on the terms which dogma allows; it remains "exogenous, visited upon us through the world: enemy, accident or disease. We do not carry it within us; it resides not in the soul."

Over against the thorough exteriorization of death and the consequential cult of biological life, Hillman proposes that we take seriously the thesis that authentic life is a matter of building one's own death, of dying a little each day, of dying unto the self. The point here is not merely a symbolic complex without referent; while Hillman is dealing with, e.g., detachment from trivia in life, he is also speaking of the need to face death itself. When he states: "Organic death has absolute power over life when death has not been allowed in life's midst," he is referring at once to the facing of death's reality throughout life, and the "dying unto the self." His thesis, very briefly put, is that the desperate hope for continuing life which characterizes so much of our living robs that living of its central significance by refusing the enrichment that comes in a confrontation with death, the ultimate question and ultimate reality.

A good part of Hillman's book constitutes a polemic against the cultural structure which regards death as what is to be avoided at all costs; and it is the medical mentality, especially as it inheres in psychiatry, that is most severely criticized. Here the analysis is brilliant, as he argues how the art of the physician, which is properly the care of the soul, has become the prisoner of its own evolving methods. The Healer has become Apollonian Hero, carrying with his detachment, clear methodology and shining instruments an ultimately illusory hope which denies suffering its maturating value, and seeks to *re*-gain, to *re*-achieve, the *status quo ante*.

It is the discipline of analysis which provides corrective reality at this point. Analysis for Hillman is on a generally Jungian model; in it the analyst *stands with* the analysand in the "secret league" of trust in each other and acceptance of genuine experience, with the objective that the analysand's "states of soul" "become realized in the personality and lived consciously." In this posture, which so deeply requires involvement, a complex of Dionysian reality is invoked as a balancing dialectical moment. The analyst needs maintain this balance between detachment and involvement in order to maintain his own "tension of consciousness," for it is his task not only to stand with the analysand, but to *stand for* aspects of objective psyche (Jungian) with which the analysand has lost touch.

The notion of dialectic becomes central also to Hillman's insistence upon the radically distinct nature of analysis. Analysis must sublate the diagnosis and cure motif of other forms of treatment, and continue to serve consciousness, even "into the unknown," "in a continuous on-going process."

This basic idea of analytic treatment as the furtherance of consciousness has its expression *in extremis* in Hillman's defense of suicide *as a possible* moment in the analytical situation. God's call to death, he tells us, can be from within—the "impulse to death" need not be considered anti-life; "it may be a demand for an encounter with absolute reality, *a demand for a fuller life through the death experience.*" In this perspective, "a suicide impulse is a transformation drive. It says . . . Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow is a tale told by an idiot. The pattern must come to a complete stop. *But since I can do nothing about life out there, having tried every twist and turn, I shall put an end to it here, in my own body, that part of the objective world over which I still have power. I put an end to myself . . . (this) fulfillment in stasis where all processes cease, is an attempt to enter another level of reality, to move from becoming to being*" (my italics).

This reads rather like an updated text of Epictetus, and it presents a dimension of Hillman's argument where serious difficulties arise. To put an end to the madding cycle "here, in my own body," is to refuse the reality of self understood as *incarnate presence to the world.* Hillman's emphasis on dialectic, I submit, is inconsistent with his notion of abandoning becoming in favor of a seemingly indeterminate "being." Further, the coming to maturity which is the business of dying is not a simple linear growth pattern, but a dialectic between the self as dying unto chaos, fantasy and limitlessness, i.e., childishness, and the self as achieved ground of new direction, i.e., as source and identity. Suicide is an abandonment of the self as source,

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and as such would seem a betrayal of the dialectic, and indeed of the very *process* of dying.

The structure of my criticism here emphasizes a notion of serious commitment to the self as body-soul continuum. Despite some eloquent pages on the body-soul relation, Hillman tends to a cryptic mystique of soul, and is I think inadequate concerning the body. This ties in with his frequent disparagement of the *medical*, and a failure to realize fully that the psychosomatic is also somato-psychic.

Other areas that ought be noted for criticism in Hillman's treatment are a too easy conception of theology as structure, ignoring *its* character as process, and a one-sided indictment of hope, for which Marcel, for one, might provide some balancing subtlety. Hillman is also somewhat simpliste in his remarks on *daseinanalyse* and phenomenological psychology in general, and this associates with what seems a powerful underlying dogma that the Jungian schemata preempts that objective psyche with which individuality must be dialectically related.

With all qualifications and caveats, however, it must be repeated in perspective that this is a most powerful, original and fecund work. It is written, moreover, with an ardent and graceful intensity of style which matches the daring and challenging intensity of its argument.

Edith Wharton and Henry James: The Story of Their Friendship

MILLICENT BELL

Braziller, $6.50

JAMES R. MELLOW

They were the "ornaments" of their generation; Americans with breeding, taste, the social advantages, staking their claims to literature upon the culture of Europe. He had settled for London, because his subject was there; she was to take up Paris, for a world of high intelligence and cultivated ideas, all the things for lack of which she had been suffocating in New York. He was an established author, in the midst of his major novels, alienating himself from his public and his peers by a difficult style. She was a beginning writer, at forty, saddled by the reviewers with a reputation for being Jamesian in her approach.

That, obviously, was the basis for some of her slighting remarks about the Master's late style; she was compelled to make the distinction between them absolutely clear. Although they had friends in common and had met socially on one or two occasions, nothing had come of it. For those occasions, Edith Wharton had dressed to kill, but James did not single her out—with her red hair and in her beaded Doucet dress—from the other affluent Americans taking the plunge into European society.

It was her writing—and, no doubt, the reviews in which their names were so prominently linked together—which brought the beam of James's attention, scanning the literary horizon, to rest upon her growing reputation. He wrote to her following the publication of her first novel, *The Valley of Decision*, in 1902. (Unfortunately, the letter has not survived.) When they did meet, officially, James journeyed down to London from his house in Rye. Mrs. Wharton, writing about the event to her editor at Scribner's, noted that James, "talks, thank heavens, more lucidly than he writes." James, too, had taken stock. Writing earlier to a friend (a relative of Edith Wharton's), about the author's special gifts, he had cautioned, "She *must* be tethered in native pastures, even if it reduces her to a backyard in New York."

It was not a piece of advice she was to take. Her ambition was a Parisian salon, and she established it on the Rue de Varenne, in the aristocratic Faubourg Saint-Germain. She had a certain success, but the names of her guests—as Mrs. Bell points out in her admirable and leisurely book—were not those that were making the French literature of her time. She met Gide, but pursued, instead, Paul Bourget and Charles du Bos, minds going in the opposite direction from Gide's, down the road, wrongly taken, towards social acceptability.

She was well aware of Proust's gifts and had even forwarded *Swann's Way* to James but, out of snobbery, she passed up the opportunity to meet him. Proust, she felt, was "already the fashion in the very circles least capable of reading and understanding him," and she was glad she had not tried to pursue him there. There was some point to James's advising her that the French way of life was not so accessible to an American novelist, that "the real field of your extension is *here*—it has far more fusability with *our* native and primary material; between which & the French elements there is, I hold, a disparity as complete as between a life led in trees, say & a life led in —sea depths. . . ." She did seem to miss the point, settling for the social, rather than the creative, milieu. The pages of her autobiography, *A Backward Glance*, fairly rustle with the names of long forgotten hostesses and titled guests.

But the basis for their friendship was more than literary. There was, one senses, a psychological necessity. She had a need for her circle of bachelor friends, all of them vaguely hovering about the flame of art. He had a penchant for a woman with a fine and sometimes hard intelligence. In the decade before James's meeting with Mrs. Wharton, his invalid sister Alice had died. Then the novelist, Constance Fenimore Woolson—whose ambiguous relationship to James, Leon Edel has resurrected – had committed suicide. Edith Wharton was eminently qualified to fill the void left by those painful deaths.

And for James, there was, frankly, the seduction of the Wharton's "commodious" motorcar. Edith Wharton has given us pictures of James sunk deep in the back seat, roving about the countryside in England and France and America. It was from that luxurious vehicle, during a visit to the Wharton home in Lenox, Massachusetts, that James gathered in his impressions of the New England landscape for his

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book, *The American Scene*. He had recognized immediately the effect of this new mode of travel: "If I were rich I shouldn't hesitate to take up with it. A great transformer of life and of the future." Edith Wharton, whose "fine asperity" James had noticed, turned the trait upon him, precisely on the subject of motoring. She felt that he could well have afforded a similar luxury, "but took advantage, to the last drop of petrol, of the travelling capacities of any visitor's car."

One of the values of Mrs. Bell's account is that it gives us, despite James's malicious thrusts and Edith Wharton's willful distinctions, a touching sense of the real friendship that existed between them. And it gives us the ambience of that bygone era—optimistic, complacent, quotidian, yet all the while moving towards the catastrophe of World War I. James did not survive the war, but he had foreseen the changes it would bring about in the society which he had, along with his generation, taken for granted.

Edith Wharton was to outlive it by a number of years, perplexed and dismayed by the looseness that crept into life and literature. Her autobiography, published in 1934, was an attempt to summon up the forgotten values of that other era. "At present," she reflected, "the demand is that only the man with the dinner pail shall be deemed worthy of attention, and fiction is classed according to its degree of conformity to this rule." It was a rule under which both James's reputation and her own were to suffer.

Mrs. Bell's book, however, concentrates upon a happier time. We have the pair of them fixed, as in an old photograph, with all that has led up to the moment when, having driven up to the ruins at Bodiam, in Kent, they watch quietly over the hushed scene —the towers reflected in the moat, the great blue dragon flies skipping above the lily pads, the white clouds stopped in the sky. James, breaking the silence, turns to Edith Wharton and says, solemnly, "Summer afternoon—summer afternoon; to me those have always been the two most beautiful words in the English language." It was, in a sense, that perfect afternoon of their society, on which the darkness was just beginning to fall.

No More Strangers

PHILIP BERRIGAN

Macmillan, $4.95

NED O'GORMAN

Father Berrigan's much-needed book is definitive in its clarity and in the depth and life of its seriousness. There is no arguing with its purity of intention, its precision of vision and its Christic balance. It is a prophetic book. The prophecy is the fruit of wisdom and action; the wisdom and action are the fruit of suffering and its *command* to action is the fruit of love of man, of Christ, His Church and the strange excellence of Christ's transforming and unifying presence even at the eye of the racial hurricane.

I do not see how a man can read this book and remain unconvinced—as so many Catholics are, even those who seem to be with the Negro and his epic agony—that his life as a member of the American Church does not depend almost utterly now on how he meets the Negro in his quest for freedom and peace.

This is an existential book in the fullest meaning of that abused word. It springs from life, from the forces in life that compel a man committed to action either to face up to *action* or die in fear of it. The essence of Father Berrigan's perception of the Church, her mission and the action demanded from her children, is his love of Christ's presence there, within the Church and his lament when it is taken out.

There is a love of the Church that is a love of ritual, piety and certain traditional forms of action. They are meager expressions of love but for many people they are all there is for them to do. But in the world *now* it is a poor and meager love, though it is a kind of love encouraged by a good many priests and dioseses. Father Berrigan's book is a hard one since he will not allow the Church or Christians to be less than Christ's love for her and them.

His book is a major moral text. It is prophetic and historic; it is classically theological—that is to say it is in the *style* of Christ's manner of acting and thinking—and it is crucially contemporary. Father Berrigan knows — as Anne Hedgman and William Stringfellow know—how the Negro's struggle is *within*. He sees too how the Movement runs in the marrow of the "American Way" and is connected with its survival. There are brilliant chapters on witness, the arms race and the family, for in the range of his quest for the way to find racial order Father Berrigan must search among the structures of our political, military and sentimental experience.

He arrives at truth with ease. There is no pathos forced in him and when he speaks of things we must hear, one knows Father Berrigan is accurate:

"The ordinary Christian life is not presently oriented to the crucial concerns of human experience—the winning and preservation of peace, the elimination of racial and religious discrimination, the proposed assault upon poverty, the appraisal of the nation-state concept. We must remove whatever it is that insulates us from contact with these problems, since the future of mankind will depend upon the course that they take. The Christian, therefore, must open himself to an education by these profound and momentous movements, for they can express to him a ministry of experience, even as they look to him for a ministry of direction. In this way, the dialectic between theology and life is maintained, a reciprocal influence is established—the Christian returns to his theology to speak to it of life, and returns to life to speak to it of theology."

I would hope that priests discover this book. In their silence—though it cracks now and then—is the dull ghost of the old, bourgeois church. The people cry out, I am sure, for some word from their priests, from the pulpit, loud and clear, about their guilt, their duty and the way they must seek to act.

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The people of God wish to change their hearts; they hear nothing from their priests—but the most temperate moral hints of how to act and not get hurt.

I rejoice in the Church and the Negro. And it is good to hear a man write about them as if it were possible, that given the Christian's conversion to Christ, there might be a new peace on the earth and a new life. Berrigan, if he is listened to, knows the way to that happiness.

Inquisition in Eden

ALVAH BESSIE

Macmillan, $5.95

BRUCE COOK

In writing autobiography, what is left out is often as important as what is put in. For it is by *selecting* his material, by choosing his incidents and picking his anecdotes that the author creates himself.

Whoever doubts this postulate would do well to take a look at the personal narrative of one Alvah Bessie, a member of that redoubtable group so well known just fifteen years ago as the Hollywood Ten. They were screenwriters mostly, and they included such illustrious names as Dalton Trumbo, John Howard Lawson, and, of course, Alvah Bessie ("She's a he," as a friend once took pains to point out). They stood up steadfastly to the badgering of the House Un-American Activities Committee during the first of many investigations of Communist subversion of the motion picture industry. For their pains and as a reward for their steadfastness, all received jail sentences of up to a year in various federal prisons for contempt of Congress.

Mr. Bessie has arranged the events and stories contained in this book to present himself as a conventional sort of Jewish-American liberal intellectual —which he may or may not have been. It hardly matters, however, for it is how he *wants* us to think of him that is really essential to the understanding of this book. For example, he tells us, "Always in Hollywood, the honest writer attempts to improve on the frequently shoddy material given to him to adapt for films; he frequently succeeds—and this is sometimes called 'subversion.'" Here, he is not so much telling us something about Hollywood as he is about himself: he is inviting us to infer from this that he himself was just such an honest writer.

But was he? Is he now? It mattered little to the Committee fifteen years ago, but it must matter to us now if we are to sympathize with his book. Although it is neither wholly good nor wholly bad, it is the sort of book that invites us to consider quality — the quality of the mind that produced it. For where it is not bad, it is most often merely clever and evasive.

Inquisition in Eden is written partly in the form of a screenplay, replete with camera directions, dialogue, and flashbacks. It is just the method one would use to cover up details and obscure motives. Most disappointing of all are the parts dealing with the Committee hearings. We might well expect to be taken into Bessie's confidence here—but no, he presents almost everything in dialogue so that his account differs little from the one available to all in the Congressional Record. When Bessie does interpolate a few comments, they are couched in commissar rhetoric: "Federal Bureau of Intimidation," "trained seals" (friendly witnesses), "stumblebum members of the Committee." And so forth. Rather disappointing.

In short, Bessie's book does little to convince us that he is the honest writer he claims to be. And a look at his screen credits ("Objective Burma," "The Very Thought of You," et al.) only reinforces this impression. Bessie's films were neither better nor worse than the standard Hollywood product—and this would also be true of the films of any one of the Ten. Whether all, some, or none were Communists seems today to be a bit beside the point. The question seems now to be whether or not a man's political convictions can matter even slightly in Hollywood; it would seem they cannot. Where finagling,

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cheating, and grubbing are a way of life, there can be no question of subversion.

Music in a New Found Land

WILFRID MELLERS

Knopf, $6.95

RICHARD KOSTELANETZ

Wilfrid Mellers has for many years distinguished himself as the most intelligent, versatile and sophisticated music critic writing in English today. Once the music editor of F. R. Leavis' *Scrutiny* and nowadays a regular contributor to *The New Statesman*, he has brought to the problems of writing about music not only his experience in literary criticism (some of his pieces are collected in Eric Bentley's *The Importance of Scrutiny*) but also the rigorous and systematic intellect and direct style we associate with Leavisites. These factors, along with his prodigious industriousness, have enabled him to produce, in addition to musical compositions, such major general books as *Music and Society* (1946), *Studies in Contemporary Music* (1947), *Man and His Music* (with Alec Harman, (1957), and what is the most insightful, discriminating and definitive study of Amercian music we have—his recent *Music in a New Found Land*.

Modern American music, we are beginning to realize, has a rich heritage. Our serious composition has been since the war as varied and first rate as any country's; but as this new music is inadequately covered by both newspaper reporters and the more serious critical press, so even the names of our greatest contemporary composers (say, Henry Cowell, Elliott Carter, Stepan Wolpe, Ralph Shapey) are barely familiar to the literate American public. When a good art suffers from an inadequate audience, intelligent and decent criticism becomes more and more necessary; and the appearance of a book as excellent as Mellers' is particularly gratifying, first, for its scholarly usefulness and, second, for the cultural impact it might have.

Like Gilbert Chase's *America's Music* (1955), the standard text up to now, Mellers' book covers nearly the entire spectrum of musical intentions, from serious classical to avant-garde modern, from jazz to better "pop"; but whereas Chase devotes most of his book to pre-twentieth century activity (on all counts, of lesser significance), Mellers justifiably concentrates on American music from 1890 (the first works of Charles Ives) to the present. Moreover, whereas Chase inclines towards rather slight comments on the music and, instead, detailed, almost gossipy information about the composer's life and milieu, Mellers devotes himself to describing, defining, differentiating and evaluating musical styles, modes of compositional thought, and individual works. Unlike most artist-critics, Mellers is able to sympathize with the widest possible range of purposes; and the most conclusive sign of his catholicity is the fact that his sections on somewhat conservative composers, such as Elliott Carter, are just as accurate and perceptive as the discussions of the lunatic fringe—Harry Partch, John Cage, and Morton Feldman.

My major criticism of Mellers is that too often he sees a piece of music as the direct expression of the composer's emotions or philosophical beliefs; and while this approach may be appropriate for, say, Charles Ives (who sometimes explained his symbolism in accompanying notes or essays), it more usually produces pretentious comments about ghosts-in-the-machine. This tendency to over-read meanings also leads to exaggeratedly dramatic phrases to describe a composer's development, more generally a deficiency of art historian-critics.

Secondly, like so many other young British critics somewhat frustrated by the stuffiness of English art and over-enthusiastic about American art's freedom and energy, Mellers tolerates much too much in our culture. True, he strongly defends those eccentrics whom lesser American critics reject, but he also discusses on seemingly equal, or nearly equal, footing an excess of what would strike me as lesser work (such as Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess") and outright junk (many 'thirties compositions by "serious" composers).

The book's second half, on more popular phenomena, is distinctly weaker than the first (although it represents an implicit repudiation of Mellers' earlier position, in the March, 1939, *Scrutiny*, that jazz music was beneath critical discussion). For one thing, the sections on folk blues could have benefitted from Harold Courlander's *Negro Folk Music, U.S.A.* (Columbia University Press, 1963) and a few relevant quotations from folk blues poetry; indeed, one gets the impression that Mellers, as an Englishman, perhaps could not understand the great, but barely comprehensible, blues lyrics.

Still, its first half alone makes *Music in a New Found Land* an invaluable critical work; for no one else has written as well on the mainstream of serious American composition. The book belongs among the two essential critical studies of our non-jazz music, the other being an excellent but largely unknown monograph on our greatest composer, Henry and Sidney Cowell's *Charles Ives: The Man and His Music* (Oxford, 1957). In Wilfrid Mellers, American music, for the first time, has found a critic great enough to cope with its diversified achievement.

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REVIEWERS

EDMUND J. EGAN *has published in* Cross Currents *and* Worldview. *He is presently doing graduate work in philosophy at Fordham.*

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CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 395*)

tion" will have to advance more swiftly if we are ever to embrace his scriptural interpretation about Christ not "playing it safe." Rather than this global analysis, Mr. Chouteau might exercise his hermeneutic on Ephesians 4: 11: "Some he has made apostles, others prophets, others evangelists, some pastors, some teachers, for the perfection of the Christians, for the task of building up the body of Christ." Such an exercise might free him from the secularist euphoria his letter displays.

The longest letter, by Father Bernard Gilgun, professes to speak for *all* priests. With such universalist ambitions one is not surprised that it contains phrases like, "Once and for all we must stop talking about . . .," "Mr. Lawler's words . . . are meaningless . . .," "And this nonsense about . . .," "Their vision is the *only* orthodoxy . . .," etc. Father Gilgun who vaunts himself as so very thoroughly committed to the contingencies of the temporal order traffics only in absolutes. Equally paradoxic is his denunciation of "my" dichotomies and dualities: "His outmoded Scholasticism will find no response in their [all priests'] *hearts* and his utterly 'legalistic-organizational' notion of the Church will be rejected by their biblically informed *minds*." It is unbiblical as well as out of style to talk about the spirit-matter tension, the sacred-profane relation: it is, however, permissible to talk about the heart-mind polarity. Father Gilgun's more-holistic-than-thou attitude admits only of *his* exceptions. The truth is—as this covert introduction of the same distinctions indicates—no matter how eloquently one may wax on the biblical notion of the unity of man or on the oriental transcending of the sacred-profane dichotomy, for the non-primitive mind there is no escaping the tension of these realities this side of the parousia.

For all the noble savagery and combustible rhetoric Father Gilgun brings to my auto-da-fé—his doxy is "the only orthodoxy"— his actual argument is surprisingly tepid: "Ultimately, they [the entire priestly community] say, the sacral is nothing more than the secular which is consciously in Christ." The terminology is not unacceptable; it is merely not very helpful. One wonders what is the relation of priest and layman to those domains which are consciously and those which are *un*consciously in Christ. Father Gilgun is considerably less cautious when he maintains, negatively however, that the sacral *is* the secular. But this Boolean ecclesiology, whereby inside is outside, makes sense only if one accepts the outmoded distinction between potency and act—which, of course, puts the problem back where it was. Father Gilgun seems to have taken literally what in the theologians of a "worldly Christianity" can only be taken figuratively. Pluck "religionless religion" and what is left is a new apologetic, very

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good, very necessary, but in the end very much a matter of apologetic, a heightening of terminology *only*.

Father Gilgun informs us he is speaking not only for the entire priestly community, but for the "new breed" as well. (One detects a dichotomy here.) But his version of the "new breed" – an obnoxious coinage – turns out to be only that old category of the half-baked. Relax, Father: as Baron von Huegel used to say, "Never strain"; and above all, learn to handle the language with a little more respect. I'm afraid no attitudinizing will let pass loose remarks about "the distinguished persons he [Lawler] quotes and misquotes." I await the factual basis for this. Nor will any pious tincture conceal the stain of deriding Emmett McLoughlin and Leonard Feeney, of whom "bitterness and acrimony were so characteristic." One would respect both these men; one would not judge them; and one certainly would not regard their early great service and intense dedication in the light of their later years. I would only say their tragedies illuminate the argument of my essay.

Lastly, Mr. Donnelly asks concerning my phrase, "ordinarily place himself above time": "What manner of man even extraordinarily does, and, if he does, on those rare occasions can we say he is in his right mind while so doing?" Yet we do it "all the time," and we seek it as the end of our being. All play, all contemplation, transfigures the temporal. There is no way of "ransoming the time" or judging the temporal except by placing oneself above it. You cannot move the world without a fulcrum.

Two final clarifications. First, I think it may be psychologically risky to press the spirit-matter polarity too strongly—though any ultimate analysis will fine itself down to this. The better figure would be the sign of the Coming and the signs of the times. Second, it would be an impoverishing literalism to see the "inspiration" of ordained teachers as involving only verbal commands from bishop to layman. We must learn here as elsewhere to understand inspiration in a fluid sense: the bishop inspires by his very office as bishop, and such inspiration may go beyond, and sometimes even contradict his expressed wishes. In a number of places over the years I have criticized the notion that the only "Catholic Action" is officially mandated by the hierarchy, and I am in sympathy with the recalcitrants among the Catholic Action groups in France today. In response to a more deeply understood notion of inspiration by the bishops, I hope they will form new organizations for the exercise of their apostolate.

JUSTUS GEORGE LAWLER

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Marx and Religion

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To the Editors: The discussion which Marcel Reding has opened in COMMONWEAL ["Marxism and Christianity," May 7] raises what must be one of the most significant intellectual issues of our time. The fact that Mr. Reding has placed this issue on a philosophical and not a political or sociological level at least presents the possibility of confronting the Marxist-Christian problem on a plane which reduces, if it does not eliminate, the tensions of power and ideology which are usually introduced into discussions of this sort.

One can presume that the hope for and long-range reconciliation of Marxism and Christianity lies in the development of a set of shared assumptions on the nature and value of religious experience, on one side; it would also seem to imply, on the other side, some positive assessment of the Marxist critique of industrial and financial capitalism and some tolerance of the institutions of democratic socialism.

The problem which Mr. Reding raises concerning the role of atheism in the Marxist philosophical outlook is surely for Christians the critical issue and it should be examined with some care. If one accepts as a premise of Christian belief the existence of a personal and transcendent God, whose existence is of some relevance to the human destiny, then it is necessary to say that orthodox Marxism is incompatible with a religious outlook. There are a number of reasons for this, which Mr. Reding has explored, and one in particular which, directly at least, he has not.

Part of the conflict between Marxism and Christianity has been, certainly, historically conditioned. Marxism continues the trend toward naturalism and rationalism which flowered in the nineteenth century and is simply one aspect of the antagonism between natural science and religion, revealed or natural. It is equally true, that orthodox Marxism remains essentially encased in its nineteenth-century shell, advancing propositions which much of twentieth-century thought has quietly laid to rest.

The conflict between Marxism and Christianity is not only the traditional hostility of two institutional belief systems, as Mr. Reding recognizes. The issue is substantive, as well, and here there may be sufficient reason to believe that the abyss dividing Marxism and Christianity is absolute.

One may agree, of course, that the role which economic determinism has played was never fully elaborated by Marx or Engels and the relationships between economic base and religious superstructure were never finally elaborated. One may doubt, however, that either Marx or Engels ever seriously modified their position as it was laid out by Marx in the *Holy Family* in 1845. Engels in his introductory essay to the English edition of *Socialism:*

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Utopian and Scientific, published in 1892, wrote a devastating critique of English middle-class agnosticism, considering it a degenerate form of seventeenth-century British materialism.

Equally late in life, in 1888, Engels repeated Marx' earlier attack on Feuerbach's sentimental atheism, where he noted, with considerable irony, "If religion can exist without its god, alchemy can exist without its philosopher's stone." There was never, to the best of my knowledge, the least modification in the basic view that scientific naturalism as "true consciousness" would not ultimately eliminate religious and other forms of "false consciousness."

The Soviet case, I should think, is not fully convincing. Stalin, in his intervention in the linguistics controversy of 1950, repudiated Marx' theory of language development as part of his effort to justify the leading role of the state in Soviet society and the eventual dominance of Russian within the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. More generally, with the possible exception of Bukharin and Deborin, Soviet philosophy has generally emphasized the voluntaristic, rather than deterministic aspects of Marxism.

The essential hostility of Marxism to Christianity does not lie in the criticism of the social role which conservative religious institutions play in preserving in human and exploitative social relationships. The basic incompatibility lies at a slightly deeper level. In the Marxian view, the bond which ties man to an immaterial and ideal being is fundamentally untrue; and it represents a personal and most profound form of alienation. The abstraction which man worships is simply an imaginative projection of his own potentiality. In worshipping God, he is in fact worshipping himself. The first step toward self-realization and ultimate identity is to destroy this symbol of human impotence and to turn resolutely to the struggle for human realization in the world of social and physical experience.

If this represents an accurate description of the philosophical basis of Marxist atheism, then any reconciliation based upon humanism seems foreclosed. There are, however, currents within Marxism. Marxism is not a monolith ideologically any more than it is monolithic politically and there may well be astir, particularly among revisionist Marxist intellectuals, certain tendencies which might ultimately offer opportunities for some dialogue.

Some years ago, the eminent Polish Marxist philosopher Adam Schaff opened a discussion on the meaning of life in a leading cultural journal. As he confessed, "Only sociology and social psychology can explain why a philosopher today, and especially in encounters with youth, meets constantly with the question about the meaning of life. I must admit that the frequency and stubbornness in asking this question not only forced me to think about the problem but even made me change my own attitude toward it."

In answer to the problem of death and moral and physical suffering, Schaff offered his "social eudaemonium—the greatest possible happiness for large masses." Schaff, to be sure, remained well within the bounds of orthodox Marxism by placing his humanism within the class struggle. But, his efforts as well as those of other Marxist intellectuals to find individually satisfying answers to the perennial human problems may offer existentialist openings for a Marxist-Christian encounter. Whether this violates the integrity of Marxism, or Christianity for that matter, is another question.

In a curious way, both Christianity and Marxism seem faced with identical problems, less in relation to each other than to a world that is becoming both post-Christian and post-Marxian. Both are presently deeply involved on both an intellectual and institutional level with finding relevant means of expressing their respective identities with that world. One is tempted to think that any reconciliation between Marxism and Christianity depends very much on the degree to which each can become viable to those intellectual and social forces which are gradually becoming indifferent to both.

WILLIAM CONYNGHAM

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Yet in the years since its founding, the editors of *Commonweal* have never looked upon its unofficial status as a handicap. On the contrary it has served to emphasize a vital requirement of Catholic life: that in his day-to-day life the Christian is called upon to apply, as a fallible man, his religious principles to the flux and flow of human events. As a Catholic he has the help of the teaching authority of the Church, whose obligation it is to enunciate and explain those principles. In the end, however, it is the individual himself who must apply them, who must give them life and relevance in the market-place.

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If the problems of American Catholics have changed drastically over the years, one change is especially noteworthy. Prior to the 1950's—though a great residue remains—American Catholics were prone to be defensive about their religion. There were good reasons for this: the forces of nativism seemed a permanent part of American life. What this meant was that a considerable part of Catholic thought was devoted to showing the compatibility of Catholicism and democracy. It also meant that Catholics were apt to ignore their own deficiencies.

In recent years, much of this has changed. For the first time, American Catholics are now willing to take a close look at their own performance, to measure their ideals against the reality of their actions. At the same time, a new awareness of the importance of the laity in the Church has burst upon the scene with astonishing force. Taken together these changes have meant a period of intense ferment, of bold thought and an honest examination of conscience. . . .

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—from the February 15, 1963 issue

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